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THE RAIN.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn
A spirit on slender robes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst
Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the seas,
To prinkle them over the land in showers.
We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind, and the lightning now
Is tangled in the tremulous skeins of rain!
—T. B. Aldrich.

THE LODGER.

I felt the moment I saw him that Dr. Arnold was not an ordinary man. He hired my first floor and put a bell and plate on the door, as if in search of patients, but he seemed comfortably off, if not wealthy. He brought a quantity of [illegible] my two parlors well furnished. First came a desk, then a bookcase and lastly a wagon load of huge trunks.

The front parlor was his office, the back his surgery and he used the extension for a bedchamber. I was delighted when I caught sight of the rooms after the doctor and his colored servant had arranged them. The doors and windows were all draped with magnificent curtains or portieres made of rich stuff, embroidered in strange patterns. Goblins, birds, butterflies and queer creatures such as I had never seen or heard of reveled all over the curtains, which were formed of heavy, dark green silk. Much of the embroidery was in gold and all the portieres were finished with heavy gold bullion fringes. Then there were rugs and mats so brilliant and beautiful that they seemed to my eyes handsome enough to be framed like pictures.

The thought came into my mind that the doctor's wealth must be unbounded, and I felt I must respect even if I did not like him.

As I gazed the servant came in with his stealthy step, as noiseless as a snake. He bowed and addressed me in broken English.

"What Missy Sahib wishes?" he asked, in his smooth, oily voice.

I disliked the man as much as I did his master. He was not like any colored man I had ever seen. He was tall and thin and his long face always wore a smile, but his eyes were like a snake's, and so were his movements, and his long, straight hair seemed glued to his narrow head.

"Nothing. I am only admiring the rooms. Those curtains are beautiful."

"They are from my country," he said, bowing, as if I had paid him a compliment.

"And what country is that?"

"India. I am a Hindoo."

After that I did not see much of master or man. They had paid the rent and gave no trouble. The servant waited on his master and they were very quiet lodgers, for the doctor had scarcely a patient.

After they had been two months in the house the doctor sent me word that he would be absent a few days and did not wish any one to enter his rooms. Now I should have mentioned that I am a woman and I must also confess that I inherit my own share of Mother Eve's curiosity, so as soon as I saw the doctor go out of the house I was determined I should examine his apartments at my leisure. Mustapha, the man, however, remained behind, and I had to possess my soul in patience till he should be out of the way.

The opportunity came three days after the doctor's departure. Mustapha came up to inform me that he was going out for a short time.

No sooner was he out of the house than I took my bunch of keys—for, like most landladies, I have a spare key for every room in the house and take care to go through them, for an unprotected woman does not want to harbor anarchists without knowing it—and unlocked the door of the extension.

Dear me! What heaps of beautiful things there were in those rooms. China so fine as I thin that it looked as if a breath would destroy it, odd images of gold and silver, bronzes, dishes and figures, and most of the idols—for such I afterward learned they were—had great, gleaming eyes, made of precious stones, that seemed to follow me about and made me nervous.

I took my time and was in the front parlor when I heard a carriage drive up to the door, and peeping out what was my horror to see the doctor alight in company with Mustapha and a stranger. Before I could move they were in the house. I darted behind a portiere, trusting they would soon go out, for I hate to be caught in any act that looks mean, and I resolved to make my escape as soon as I had the place to myself.

To my surprise, Mustapha proceeded to lock the door—the curtains were already close drawn before every window—and he lit two or three large lamps, which gave out a delicious perfume which caused my head to swim.

He then took out a copper brasier and kindled a fire in it. The flames shot up and the perfume grew stronger and seemed to fill the rooms with moving forms amid the smoke. I stood like a person bewitched and Mustapha began to chant in some outlandish tongue.

The doctor stood motionless, his great, hollow, gray eyes fixed on a hideous image that stood on a pedestal. His long, thin face wore a terrible expression, his hair seemed to stand on end and a ghastly grin distorted his features.

At length the Hindoo stopped his chant and the doctor turned to the stranger, who was a fine looking elderly gentleman, but who seemed dreadfully nervous and pale.

"That rite is complete. It is a portion of the worship of the goddess Siva."

I nearly screamed out. So they were worshiping that ugly image in my back parlor! Worse was to come, however. The man placed a queer shaped teakettle over the coals, and soon it began to sing as if a Christian woman was going to make a civilized cup of tea.

"Now for an experiment," said Dr. Arnold, and Mustapha drew forward one of the enormous trunks. It was covered with a tiger skin, which he threw aside.

"Examine your seals," said the doctor. "See if they have been tampered with."

"No."

The stranger looked paler and seemed more nervous every moment.

He had examined the seals on the locks of the trunk carefully. It had three.

"They are just as they were three months ago today?"

"Yes."

The doctor struck a match and lit a taper. He held the flame to the red wax and the seals melted.

"Unlock the trunk."

The stranger drew a key from his pocket and did so with trembling hands.

The lid was thrown back and Mustapha, assisted by his master, drew a shapeless form from the trunk and laid it on the carpet.

I believe my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth or I should have screamed. The form was inclosed in a large box and it was a dead body.

"Examine these seals also."

Around the mouth of the bag a rope was tied and the knots were sealed like the trunk.

"Three months ago," resumed the doctor, "my daughter, who was born in India and is of the religion of Shamin, took upon her a vow to perform this sacrifice in honor of the great goddess Siva. She closed her throat by swallowing strips of linen after the manner of Hindoo fakirs. She then threw herself into a cataleptic state, and I, in your presence, sealed her nostrils with plugs of flax steeped in wax. I then inclosed her pulseless and rigid form in this shroud, the seals of which are still intact. I shall now restore her to life."

Meanwhile Mustapha had been busy mixing a paste of flourlike stuff and boiling water in a shining brass bowl.

The doctor broke the seals and drew down the shroud, revealing the form of a woman. Her face was shriveled and brown like a mummy. As I stood, hoping I was in a horrid dream, he went on: "Observe that this body is cold and pulseless as it was when I placed it in that trunk three months ago."

The stranger bowed. He seemed on the point of fainting.

The doctor calmly drew the plugs of flax from the nostrils and opened the mouth. The tongue was doubled back, and he restored it to its natural position. He then took the paste from the servant and poured some of it over the head and emptied the kettle over the body. Again and again he applied the paste, and at length said calmly, "The pulse is beating and respiration has commenced."

Mustapha handed him a goblet full of a beautiful rose colored liquid, and he poured it down the throat of the body. In a moment the corpse opened its eyes, the face grew lifelike and the hands began to twitch.

At the sight of this I fell senseless. When I was restored to consciousness I found myself lying on a lounge; the doctor was bending over me and the large trunk was removed.

I gazed around in bewilderment. The lamps still burned and the copper brazier stood beside the ugly idol which made me shiver as it seemed to watch me with its sinister eye.

"You have disobeyed my orders and have suffered for it," said the doctor coolly as he offered me wine.

I waved him away and rose to my feet.

"You must leave my house this very day," I exclaimed.

"Very good. And you—must be silent." He gave me such a fearful look I grew cold all over.

A shrill laugh sounded near me, and looking around I caught sight of the dead body.

Dead no longer! A living body with a dark, evil face and deep, glittering eyes.

"You see, madam," she said, in a mocking, devilish manner, "you feel the effects of our experiment more than I do. Shake hands and assure yourself I am alive."

"No," I said indignantly. "I renounce the devil and all his works. Begone out of my house!"

I left the room and crept up to my bed, where I lay for weeks. My faithful servant Maggie nursed me back to health, but my mind was ill at ease.

I determined to hear the worst and asked her one day suddenly, "Has the doctor gone as I taken all belonging to him?"

"Yes, ma'am; the day you took sick, and do you know that he had a daughter with him? I was struck when I saw her go out, for she did not come in the carriage that day. I saw them come in."

"What did she look like, Maggie?" I asked faintly.

"Awful thin and dark as an Indian, with horrid looking eyes, like coals of fire."

The doctor had left a note for me. It contained $400. On the paper wrapped around the bills was written, "Be silent or beware."

I have been silent for years, but tell my story now to let people know what strange things can happen in a large city like New York.—Mrs. K. F. Hill in New York Mercury.

Money in China and Egypt.

Coins were made in China so long ago, it is said, as the year 2250 B. C., but they could not have been other than portions of metal cast into portable shape, such as were all the earliest moneys. In Egypt, the cradle of civilization and commerce, strange to say, there was no imperial coinage. Copper, silver and gold were used as elsewhere, to indicate values, but they were manufactured into lumps, shaped sometimes like brick, and in the case of gold and silver were molded in rings, like the ancient Irish money of ten centuries ago. It appears almost inconceivable that a people who created the pyramids and erected such magnificent temples should have been entirely ignorant of coins.

Yet it is certain from the statements of Herodotus that such was the case. The first coinage of money in Egypt was not struck to assist the Egyptians themselves in their commercial dealings, but rather because the foreign merchants with whom they traded, the Greeks and the Phœnecians, demanded some media which would have the guarantee of its value apparent on it and which would circulate for that value.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Home Catarrh Cure.

Sometimes simple old fashioned remedies are as efficacious as serious drugs. A cure in use for years for catarrhal colds and mild bronchial affections in a certain household is to inhale the fumes of singed mullein leaves. Scatter the leaves on a hot shovel or stove lid and breathe in the the smoke which will arise. In all ordinary cases it will bring speedy relief. In the family referred to the mullein is gathered in the late summer and dried, but the Shaker pressed mullein to be had at any druggist's is as good.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Hard to Believe.

A station master requested an increase of salary and threatened to leave if he didn't get it.

The superintendent replied to his request by relating a story.

"When I was a young man," said he, "I once did as you are doing—I told the superintendent of the line I was then working on what you have told me. He refused my demand and I left, and would you believe it—that railway line is running yet?"—London Tit-Bits.

The Pit Diamond.

The Pit or Regent diamond belonged to the French crown jewels. It was bought by the Duke of Orleans, then regent of France, of Pit, the governor of Fort St. George, for £135,000. When in the rough the stone weighed 450 carats. The cutting alone cost $10,000.—St. Louis Republic.

Lemons for Cleaning Gas Fixtures.

To clean brass gas fixtures rub them with cut lemons, and then wash them off in hot water.—New York Journal.

Dishrags of Mosquito Netting.

For dishrags buy white mosquito netting—a quarter of a yard is sufficient for one—which should be folded back and forth as many times as the width will allow, and tack as a comfort. Some make them of a ball of candle wick, knit on two wooden kneedles the size of a lead pencil.—New York Journal.

Ebony sometimes becomes discolored and whitish. The natural color may be restored by sponging it off once or twice with a strong decoction of nutgalls to which a quantity of iron filings or rust has been added.

Chinese annals as remote as 2000 B. C. speak of the cultivation of tea, and classified it almost as perfectly as is done today. Its virtues were discovered by accident.

ROMAN ARCHITECTURE.

Domestic Designs Which Preceded the Era of Public Grandeur.

So great has been the destruction in Rome of many palaces and public monuments, even within the first three centuries of our era and of course much more so since, that it is very difficult even to trace the plans of some of the more important which were known to have existed, though it is impossible to make excavations anywhere in the sacred city without coming upon strata after strata of houses erected at various periods. To study her domestic architecture, therefore, we have to go to Pompeii, a second, or even a third rate city, perhaps, but which, by a provision of nature, has been preserved in great part down to our own day.

It is true that all the roofs and vaults are gone, and of the walls only from ten to twelve feet remain, but with these and the description of various authors it is possible to reconstruct in our imagination the general appearance of the city before it was overwhelmed by the last fatal eruption of Vesuvius in the year A. D. 79, which buried the city in a shower of ashes, pumice and stone in a layer twelve to fourteen feet deep. Of the temple and other public buildings it is not worth speaking, as they are of far less importance than those in Rome and elsewhere, but of the private houses and villas of the upper and lower classes there exists an inexhaustible supply, from which the following general arrangements can be summarized.

The more important houses were divided into two parts, the public and the private portion. Of the former an entrance vestibule led to the atrium, a large hall open in the center to the sky, the covered portion having a roof sometimes supported by columns surrounding the impluvium (a marble basin under the compluvium, or open space in the roof.) Round the atrium, and lighted from it were a series of chambers, sleeping rooms for the male guests, recesses for conversation and the tablinium or sitting room.

The private portion consisted of a peristyle around an open court, in which there was a small garden; the triclinium or dining room; the pinacotheca or picture room; the bibliotheca or library, and suites of small chambers used as bedrooms. Beside these there was generally a court surrounded by the offices, the kitchen, bakehouse and storerooms. All these rooms derived their light from the internal courts, the exterior of the block forming the house being invariably occupied by shops, in which sometimes the lord of the mansion kept retainers, who sold the produce of his farms and lands.

From the walls which still remain erect, we find that they were all richly decorated in color, painted in arabesque and occasionally with landscapes, figure subjects and wreaths of flowers; the columns were of marble or painted in imitation, and the floors inlaid with mosaic or with small pieces of marble set in cement. The roofs, being all in wood have perished, but their coverings in tiles, with the various ornaments on the ridges of the roofs, are still found in the excavations. Such portions of Herculaneum—a town close by—as it has been found possible to excavate (the lava which overwhelmed it being of great hardness) shows even finer work than at Pompeii, and those remains which occasionally are found in Rome show a far higher quality of work than that found in either of these cities.—Cassell's New Popular Educator.

An Interesting Case.

A particularly striking instance of mental telegraphy is related by a normal school teacher.

One day she asked her class, composed of thirty grown girls, a question. Having done so she began at one end and requested an answer in turn. One after another answered in what seemed to her an irrelevent manner.

"Why," she said, "you are not on my line of thought at all." As she continued the rotation she felt that the corner girl, the thirtieth, would reply correctly. She was a bright pupil and one who seemed peculiarly responsive to her teaching. Sure enough, No. 30 replied intelligently and thoroughly.

But instantly there was a protest from the other twenty-nine. "That was not your question, Miss C.," one asserted and the others confirmed, and with but one dissenting voice the class gave the question as they had heard it. Their answers fitted this question, and Miss C., in the face of this testimony, was forced to believe that her lips had formed one question while her mind was intent upon another. And No. 30 had caught the thought behind the words and she had fitted the question to it.—New York Times.

Hungarian Women.

In the Hungarian women we purposely overlook any foibles that may exist, for, without palaver, the Hungarian women are among the most beautiful in the world. They are not languishing, diaphanous creatures, composed of cobwebs and the odor of musk, with a sickly pallor or a hectic flush in their cheeks. No; erect and straight as a candle, hearty and vigorous to the core, the rare pictures of good health and abounding vitality. They are gifted with small feet, full arms, plump hands, with tapering fingers, and wear long braids. The sun has spread a reddish golden tint or a darker tone over the complexion.

The Hungarian woman is not a beauty of classical contour, nor does she perhaps frequently present a riddle to the psychologist, and ethereal poets will scarcely find a theme in her for hypersentimental reveries. She is rather the vigorous embodiment of primeval womanhood.—Wilhelm Singer in Harper's.

Lament of the Ship Chandler.

"The business ain't what it used to be," said a ship chandler in Old Slip the other day. "In the good old days of clipper ships, when Old Glory floated in every port, and South street was roofed over with the jibbooms of the full riggers, you wouldn't ha' seen a ship chandler standin around in his shirt sleeves like I'm a doin now. He'd ha' been rushin around his store busy from morning till night takin and fillin orders for chains, anchors, rope, connectin blocks, provisions and what not that goes to fit out a ship. Now we can do it all in the forenoon and chew tobacco and spin yarns till it's time to put up the shutters. I make about $8,000 a year now where I made $35,000 in those good old times.

"It all comes from the steam tramps that are takin everythin in sight until a sailin ship has to figure mighty close to make a profit out of a voyage. Then there are only two kinds of sailin ships practically in this port—those that come from the provinces and those that come from the old country."—New York Tribune.

Death to Pimples.

A great many men are troubled with pimples on the face, which are unsightly at best, and especially annoying when they come, as they often do on the nose. Of course they arise from some impurity of the blood and need constitutional treatment, but until this is obtained a safe and easy way of preventing them is to apply arnica to the skin. A pimple never comes without warning; a few hours before there is always a slight inflammation or swelling, and if a drop of arnica be applied to the spot when the swelling begins half a dozen applications in the course of a day will drive the pimple back under the skin.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Roller Coasting on a Farm.

Old Sam Johnson lives down in a Kennebec county town. As long as Johnson isn't his name, I'll tell you that he is about the sourest and most strait laced old fellow you ever saw.

The other day he heard an awful clatter out on a long hill near his house. He got out to the scene just in time to see his son Jed mount the ox cart, hold up the "tongue" and coast down the hill with a thunderous roar and in a cloud of dust. The old man started on the trail down the hill, picking up a club on the way and yelling for Jed to come back and take a licking. But the nearer he got to the trembling Jed the more the real novelty and humor appealed to him. When he got to the foot of the hill he was grinning like a "chessy cat," as Jed afterward declared.

"What in timenation you doin with that oxcart, Jed?"

"By gorry, dad, I'm a-sliding down hill in her, dad, and it's more fun an er Injun. Jest help me toost 'er up hill and take a ride," said Jed, taking courage from his father's grin.

"You sassy imp," sputtered Sam, "I'm a good mind to welt you!"

"Oh, dad come on, it's slathers er fun."

"Not by a durned shot, and 'sides some one may see me."

"Git out; they won't neither. Take holt here an we'll run 'er up hill."

The old man couldn't resist; chuckling he helped push the cart up hill; chuckling still, he crawled in and he tittered as he told Jed to "hold tight and steer straight."

Away they went. But they had just got under headway when a team came jogging around a bend in the road at the foot of the hill. The old ox cart roared down its headlong rush. A wicked smashup seemed imminent. The frightened Jed, bewildered by a volley of squawks and yells, yanked the tougue about, and the flying cart sheered for the fields. It careened wildly, hopped the highway gutter, crashed over a stone wall and came to a wrecked standstill, bottom upward. Jed and the old man were beneath.

It was six weeks before Johnson got the crick out of his back and recovered the use of his battered members. His first duty at the end of those six weeks was to lick Jed, not passionately and intemperately, but thoroughly, conscientiously, earnestly, according to a carefully matured plan and determination.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The String Broke.

Blank comes to Brooklyn every day from one of the prettiest of Long Island towns, where he has one of the prettiest of cottages. His wife has a sister in Carleton avenue, and to this sister Mr. Blank often carries fresh eggs by the score. Mr. Blank has plenty of money, and he could easily afford to keep a thousand unproductive chickens, but the Carleton avenue lady conscientiously saves all the unused bread for Mr. Blank's fowls, and the base of his life is the lady's hat box, in which it accumulates and in which it is finally transported to the chicken house.

Last week a consignment of eggs went one way, as usual, and a consignment of bread the other. Mr. Blank is well groomed, well attired and good looking, but he is about as domesticated as one of his own fowls just the same, and he never could summon up enough courage to get up a revolt on the bread carrying question. His last experience proved to be the straw that broke the camel's back.

Among his fellow passengers on the train were two ladies. He didn't know them then, and he doesn't want to know them now. As he left the car he overheard one of them say:

"That's the kind of a husband to have; he's taking a new hat home to his wife."

Mr. Blank had the hat box by the string with which is was tied, and the string with which it was tied didn't happen to be very strong. It broke. A choice collection of stale bread scattered itself over the platform, and the ladies—well, the ladies laughed as ladies will.—Brooklyn Life.

Panic During an Earthquake.

I was staying on the Riviera when the famous earthquake of 1888 occurred. I was awakened by a shock which dashed two pictures off the wall of my room and upset the wash hand stand. While I was striking a match another shock strewed me and some chairs among some fragments of broken crockery. I had presence of mind enough to remember that during an earthquake you are no safer in the streets than in a covered building; so I dressed without mad precipitancy, and, after a struggle to open my door—which had got jammed—walked down stairs.

The sight was one never to be forgotten. Men, women and children in dishabille were huddled in the front hall, crying, shrieking and praying. Some had bolted out of doors with hardly any clothes on and had made for the sea, where they clamored to go out in boats. Among the panic stricken folk was an old gentleman in pyjamas, who had come down the stairs three steps at a time. But on reaching the hall he exclaimed that he had forgotten something and must go back. His friends shouted to him that the upper stories were dangerous, but he turned a deaf ear, bounded up stairs and presently returned panting. The thing which he had forgotten was his set of false teeth.—Cor. San Francisco Argonaut.



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Something is lost when you use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's Catarrh. The worst cases yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties. No matter how bad your case, or of how long standing, you can be cured. Incurable cases are rare. It's worth $500 to you, if you have one. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Remedy are looking for them. They'll pay you that amount in cash, if they can't cure you. It's a plain square offer from a responsible business house, and they *mean* it. It seems too one-sided, too much of a risk. It would be—with any other medicine behind it. It only goes to prove what's been said: incurable cases are *rare*—with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Other so-called remedies may *palliate* for a time; this *cures* for all time. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it conquers the worst cases. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weak eyes, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

Remedy sold by druggists, only 50 cents.

FLORENCE REBUILT.

THE MEDIÆVAL CITY OF ROMANTIC ITALY MODERNIZED.

The "Home of the Arts" Once Famous for Its Artistic Buildings. Its Historic Palaces, Its Picturesque Towers and Rough Old Walls Is Destroyed.

Looked at from an artistic point of view Florence is nothing if not mediæval, and her recent attempts to modernize herself are not only pitiably commonplace, but bitterly disappointing to lovers of romance. During the last three years a great part of old Florence, including the Ghetto and the tall, dark, mysterious houses with labyrinthine cellars in that network of alleys which once formed the old market, has been torn down, and mediæval Florence, or that part of it where the quarrelsome Florentines lived and loved and fought their neighbors, has been destroyed.

As the physical and moral health of present and future Florentines is of far greater importance than anything artistic, and as fresh air and light should be shared by all men alike, we would not, even if we could, obstruct the work of demolition. But one cannot help asking why Florence rebuilt should be so mediocre.

The new square of Victor Emmanuel, scooped out of the very heart of the old market, is square as square can be. Broad streets are cut from it at right angles in the most improved Nineteenth century fashion. They drew red lines up and down and across the old quarter and cut plumb through the lines, barking off the face of one house, the rear of another and the corner cupboard of a third. They cut through massive walls, which had withstood the storms of centuries, lopping off heraldic bearings and mural decorations, which we should be glad of an excuse to put up somewhere, and demolishing historic landmarks, picturesque arches, quaint balconies, winding stairs, dim recesses and hallowed associations with the ruthless hand of modern utility.

DREARY SQUARES.

Flat-faced, expressionless houses rise on all sides of the dusty Piazza and just in the center stands the equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel.

This statue may be good; I am too ignorant on such matters to express an opinion. The horse is very, very big and carries his tail rampant, Victor's mustache is very, very fierce and evidently just waxed. If the short, clumsy man looks too small for the big, clumsy horse you are reminded that the soldier king always rode a big horse.

The bronze of the entire structure is polished and shining—quite unlike the bronze of Cellini's Perseus: though perhaps that, too, shone defiantly when it was fresh from the mold.

But the squares! Surely we inartistic, blundering, semibarbarous Americans might have perpetrated nothing worse in a mushroom city. People say there is "nothing objectionable about it," and to say that of a public square is quite as bad as to say of an acquaintance that he is "well meaning." There is, indeed, nothing objectionable about it—except its unobjectionability.

From the old walls of historic Florence rose frequent towers of stone, rough but picturesque, built for purposes of defense in times when it was a part of each day's routine for men to kill each other. Even now, reaching high above the surrounding roofs and commanding wide views over the outlying country, they lend a ragged air of protection to the fair flower city.

Well, into our brand new square has been built a new tower, massive and rugged, grim and warlike—at least it was meant to look so, being an exact copy of the ancient ones. It was built to gratify the hearts of the antiquarians, who only laugh when they look at it. Ah, but they laugh sadly!

MODERN VANDALISM.

With all their artistic and architectural past; with imperishable monuments starring their city; with the grand gothic of the Duomo and the lily bloom of the bell tower; with the stately magnificence of scores of palaces; with the spring of arch, the point of spire, the infinite delicacy of handiwork in wood and iron and stone; in short, with the profuseness of the beautiful which lies all about them, Florentines ought to know better.

The vandalism of Florence is but a copy of the vandalism of Rome, which has gone on until now old Rome is dismantled and is rapidly becoming the most modern city of Italy.

Here are commonplace, dreary squares, rows and streets of blank, hideous houses, windows and doors cut off by the yard, and such interiors! Here in Italy, home of the Arts! Verily, the Arts are slumbering.

Out of it all I have evolved for myself a comforting reflection. From the shadows of her misty bygone years, having shaken off the shackles of oppression and superstition, young Italy is reaching out eagerly toward all that is fresh and clean and modern.

Let us have patience; we are modern ourselves.

But just as we discriminate between good gothic and bad gothic, the generations to come will discriminate between good modern and bad modern. Hitherto I have asked myself why should America be sneered at and despised for crudities of art or manners? She has had mightier work to do than erect campaniles, round cupolas, chip out statues or polish her speech. These things are the flower of a healthy, deep rooted civilization, and our America is planted so deep that the flower must one day bloom.—Jeanie P. Rudel in Kate Fields' Washington.

Hours of Sleep for Children and Adults.

A German specialist, Dr. Cold, pleads for giving young people more sleep. A healthy infant sleeps most of the time during the first weeks, and in the early years people are disposed to let children sleep as much as they will. But from six or seven, when school begins, there is a complete change. At the age of ten or eleven the child sleeps only eight or nine hours, when he needs at least ten or eleven, and as he grows older the time of rest is shortened. Dr. Cold believes that up to twenty a youth needs nine hours' sleep and an adult should have eight or nine. With insufficient sleep the nervous system, and brain especially, not resting enough and ceasing to work normally, we find exhaustion, excitability and intellectual disorders gradually taking the place of love of work, general well being and the spirit of initiative.—London Tit-Bits.

Asbestos Cloth.

Asbestos rolled cloth packing is made both with and without india rubber core. Asbestos block packing consists of an india rubber back upon which there are built up edgewise a number of layers of asbestos cloth.

Sufficient elasticity is thus imparted by the rubber back, while great durability and protection to the rubber is insured by the use of asbestos.—India Rubber World

Derivation of Dogs' Names.

Harriers are chiefly used in hunting hares in England, while the title beagle, applied to a breed which is an inveterate enemy of rabbits, is probably derived from the Celtic beag or bige, or the Welsh bach, signifying little, they being in reality a small species of hound.—Detroit Free Press.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PEALE'S WASHINGTON.

How the Portrait Was Painted Is Told in a Letter by the Artist.

One of the leading lawyers of New Jersey was some time ago engaged in the administration of an estate that involved, among other things, the ownership of a copy by Rembrandt Peale of his original portrait of Washington and also a copy of Peale's father's portrait of Mrs. Washington. The executor of the Peale estate was appealed to, and he furnished a bundle of old letters from the artist himself, which not only settled the question in litigation, but brought to light interesting information concerning those famous portraits.

These letters have never been published. Peale died in Philadelphia in 1860, and the letters to the executor were written in 1854. Peale, it will be recalled, was only eighteen years old when he painted Washington's portrait.

The following letter tells its own story of the way in which the artist painted the portrait of the Father of his Country. It is dated Philadelphia, March, 1854:

"By express I send you a copy of my Washington, and shall with pleasure immediately finish for you a portrait of Mrs. Washington which I had begun for another destination some weeks ago.

"When Washington sat to me in 1795, the latter part of September, he came to my room at 7 o'clock, each time as he entered in the act of putting his watch in his fob, thus giving me an example of punctuality which I have since enforced on all my sitters. My father, an old acquaintance, kept him in conversation, which enabled me to study his countenance. It was a period of some anxiety with him, as he was hesitating whether or not to sign Jay's treaty with England; and further, he was doubtless disturbed by the publication of forged letters, which it was asserted were taken on the person of a runaway servant. No one ventured to speak with him on the subject, and he would not condescend unasked to deny them. My uncle, James Peale, a zealous politician, at the second sitting he gave me, bluntly addressed him, 'General, did you write those letters?' To which he replied, 'I never lost any letters. No servant of mine ever ran away from me.' He talked at ease on other subjects, but my uncle went out, telling his (Washington's) answer to everybody he knew, and in two hours all Philadelphia was relieved of the scandal.

"Before the invention of porcelain teeth on gold plates it was the practice of the dentists to fashion them from blocks of seahorse ivory. One of these sets was made by the elder Candette for General Washington, but it was fortunate for me that he sat to me without them, as they were just finished and were clumsy and uncomfortable and distended his mouth so that he finally rejected them, and it was equally unfortunate for Stuart that his portrait represents him as he appeared for a short time with them, looking, as Judge Washington informed me, as though rinsing his mouth with water, and, as Stuart himself informed me, preventing him from holding any conversation (though ignorant of the cause) so essential to the production of an animated likeness. By sitting so early as 7 in the morning I had his hair before it was curled and powdered by the barber, after which hour Mr. Stuart's portrait was painted.

"I painted this portrait with but little reference to any pecuniary compensation, but for my own heart's satisfaction, to take with me to Europe, proudly to be valued as the portrait of the Father of my Country and the revered of all nations. I never offered it to congress, but the senate flattered me into their acquisition of it by a unanimous vote, supported by Henry Clay, who declared that if he could have his will 'not only every room in the Capitol, but every house in the United States, should have this portrait of Washington.'

"It is now the reward of my enthusiastic excitement in producing it, and it is my devotional duty in reproducing them to gratify the taste and patriotism of those who think with Chateaubriand that 'there is a virtue in the looks of a great man.'"

It is right that a paragraph should be added showing the turmoil that surrounded Washington at the time he sat for the picture to Peale in 1795. He had just been summoned from Mount Vernon because of the excitement over Jay's treaty. While he was sitting to the young artist Jay was being burned in effigy in Boston, and the intercepted dispatches of the French minister had but just led to a rupture between President Washington and Secretary of State Edmund Randolph that led to the latter's retirement in everlasting disgrace. This old letter of Peale's throws a strong light on Washington's demeanor at that critical period.—New York Herald.

Who They Were.

Not long ago two young girls were traveling "out west." As the train stopped at a station two ladies entered and took seats directly in front of them. Just as they were seated a stout lady came forward, greeted them effusively, and the trio kept up a lively conversation until the train started. Then one of them said, "Sit down here near us," and, in a little lower tone, "Tell those girls to sit somewhere else." So the stout lady turned and said in the most freezing of tones: "I wish to converse with my friends and would like that sent. I am Mrs President R——, of this road."

The girls stared at her an instant, and then one of them drawled: "Pleased to meet you, I'm sure. I suppose you know I am Mrs. President Harrison, of Washington," and the other girl, settling herself comfortably in her seat, said, "And I am Mrs. Queen Victoria." There was an audible smile from the other passengers, and the stout lady went to her own seat in the rear.—Cor. New York World.

Teas for This Country.

The teas imported into the United States embrace some of the choicest varieties grown. We get all of the Formosa teas, the best black teas grown in China, as well as all of the Fuchau teas, which are the next best oolong teas to the Formosan. The importation of Amoy teas, the lowest grade of oolongs, is steadily decreasing. We get all of the Chinese fancy green teas, which are grown especially, year after year, for the United States, and in addition almost all the entire crop of tea exported from Japan. Indian teas of the finest quality can be procured here, but there is little demand for them. They constitute the teas so much admired by the English, and, as they come largely from English plantations, whose owners and all interested have praised them at the expense of the Chinese product, it is not difficult to discover a reason for their popularity in England and English colonies. Chinese teas are much preferred here.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Month.

The mouth is the front door to your face. It is the aperture to the cold storage room of your anatomy. Some mouths are like pictures of peaches and cream and others look like a hole chopped in a brick wall to admit a new door or window. The mouth is the hotbed of toothache and the place to keep your tongue. Most persons never carry their tongues in their coattail pockets.

A mouth was never made too small, but some are so large that their owners put their feet in them. It is the doorway out of which come beautiful words of hope and courage, and through which pass cold custard and kraut and cod liver oil. Some people sleep with their mouths adjusted for kissing.

The mouth is the bunghole of oratory and a baby's crowning glory. It is the crimson aisle to your liver and nature's apparatus for blowing out the gas. It is patriotism's fountain head and the tool chest for pie. Without it the politician would be a wanderer upon the face of the earth, and the cornetist and chorus girls go down to unhonored graves. It is the grocer's friend, the orator's pride and the dentist's hope.

It puts some men on the rostrum and many on the rock pile. It is temptation's lunch counter when attached to a maiden, and the tobacconist's friend when attached to a man.

Without it the torchlight procession would be a dumb and lifeless thing, and when the political hero advanced to the front of the platform the audience would have to stand on their heads to show their delight. Without it married life would be a perpetual summer dream and the dude would lose half his attraction, and most of all, and greatest of all, if there were no mouths there would be no goodbys or happy greetings, no words of comfort or of hope, no laughter full of sunshine and no song full of praise, the hired man could not be called to dinner and no one would ask, "Where did you get that hat?"—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Bad Pick Up.

Mind your own business is a good rule to follow always and everywhere, and in its strictest sense too. Look at me, for instance. I was rushing along the street as a shopper. A woman in front of me dropped a newspaper which was done up in its wrapper. Hurried as I was, I stopped, picked it up and chased the woman.

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "you dropped this."

She turned serenely upon me. "Yes," she said, "I meant to," and passed on. This [illegible] replied Miss Mamma sweetly; "it usually does about this time of night."—Brooklyn Life.

Extremely Pleasant.

How pleasant is it every morn,
As on the oilcloth floor you light,
With fright feet to grope for hours
For slippers that are out of sight.
—Clothier and Furnisher.

Much to Be Desired.

"Oh, that must be too lovely for anything," said Hortensia when she read an account of a stage robbery in the far west.

"Lovely to be robbed?" asked Uncle John.

"Lovely to be held up," said Hortensia with a roseate blush.—Boston Transcript.

A Distinction.

"Oh, Harry, I told you not to tell any one your sister is to be married," said mamma.

"I didn't tell any one," returned Harry innocently; "I whispered it to a boy in school."—Harper's Bazar.

Two Pictures.

Each night, before he married her,
In evening dress he'd call;
But now in slippers and shirt sleeves
He promenades the hall.
—Clothier and Furnisher.

Reducing His Weight.

"I don't believe you are quite as heavy as you were," said the barber to Cumso, during the process of shaving.

"No, that was really a big slice you took out of my chin just then," replied Cumso.—The Epoch.

Circumstantial Evidence.

"Why do you think the cook stole the champagne last night?"

"Because when she went to bed she put three shovelfuls of ice in the furnace and filled the refrigerator with coal."—New York Sun.

Our Streets.

A natty dude stood on the curb,
And gazed on the muddy sea,
Just then a mighty truck passed by,
And the dude—oh, where was he?
—Truth.

The Alternative.

"What happens, Johnny, if you spare the rod?" asked the father, who was about to administer correction.

"You fish with a hand line," replied the young man with confidence.—Washington Star.

A Complete Surprise.

"How did the surprise party go off last night?"

"Double quick time. The surprised people thought they were burglars, and turned the hose on them."—Harper's Bazar.

The Course of Nature.

He sighed in his woe,
"All my bones it must hush;
My poem on 'snow'
Has turned out to be slush."
—Washington Post.

Mr. Snodgrass Was In.

"Ardup, did you apply to old Snodgrass for a loan?"

"I did."

"How did you come out?"

"Head first."—Exchange.

Consolation.

I'm freezing in my room tonight,
My nose is turning blue;
And yet I feel consoled, because
Those flies are freezing too.
—Life.

Gave It Up and Guessed It.

"What does a volcano do with lava?" asked Freddy.

"Give it up," replied his father.

"That's right," said Freddy.—Harper's Young People.

—Pleasant to the taste, surprisingly quick in effect and economical in price—no wonder that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the leading preparation of its kind.

"Oh woman, in thy hours of ease, uncertain, coy, and hard to please." With children hurt, long hours she's spent. Do try Salvation Oil, the liniment.



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made of herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE.

All druggists sell it at 50cts and $1.00 per package. Buy one to-day. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary.

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The Bucks County Gazette

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gazette will be pleased to receive all fair communications upon current topics. All anonymous communications will not be printed. In all cases the writer's name is required, not for publication, as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1892.

Much of your success in life depends on your keeping yourself cheery and sunny tempered.

Lieutenant Peary and his hibernating party up in Greenland have one advantage at least over most of their fellowmen at home. They can stay in bed as long as they please of cold mornings.

American women who have made and saved most money on the stage, not counting Mary Anderson, are Maggie Mitchell, Lotta and the late Emma Abbott. Any theatrical star can get the money, but few have the talent for saving and investment equal to the three ladies named.

Chili is certainly plucky in holding out against the United States as long as she did without making any apology or explanation. She must be impoverished from her recent revolution too. There can apparently be only one explanation of it: She has been egged on to her defiant course against the United States by the private approval and backing of Europeans who hope to make trouble, commercial and otherwise, for the United States.

Probably the best military weapon in use is the small bore Mannlicher rifle, with which smokeless powder is employed. This smokeless powder is a more powerful explosive than the old fashioned black powder, forty grains of it being equal to sixty grains of the black. It may be consoling to know that the Chilian army is fully equipped with the Mannlicher rifle, while our army is still using the old fashioned arm, 45-100 of an inch caliber, with the black powder. Most of the European armies use the new small bore magazine rifle, 30-100 of an inch caliber.

Edison's Promises.

He will make an electric motor that for long distances will travel 100 miles an hour, without smoke, dust or cinders, and for street cars will do away with both overhead wires and storage batteries.

He will enable a ship at sea to telegraph to another thirty miles away without any connection between the two except air, sky and ocean. He will enable a telegraph operator on board a train moving fifty miles an hour to telegraph to another train moving at the same rate. A little strip of zinc upon the outside of the car conveys the message to the wire along the line by induction. Edison found this out simply by "grasping the tail of an everlasting scientific truth."

Probably by the same kind of catching on he has an invention which will admit of supplying all the iron ore the United States needs for centuries. He will extract magnetically the small particles [illegible] of New Jersey to begin.

Finally, if the Chilians or any other foreign people march up to attack a fort of United States soldiers, he will run a wire into the ground and put a charge of electricity 20,000 volts strong into a quantity of water, then turn that water through a hose pipe on the advancing enemy and spray them over dead in much quicker time than a potato beetle drops over after it has been atomized with paris green.

The British Crown.

Many centuries ago the British parliament claimed the right to regulate the succession to the crown. It passed from time to time acts which remain in force and fix the heirship to the throne exactly. Parliament would undoubtedly exercise the right to change the law of succession itself had made, if it saw fit. By acts passed in Queen Anne's reign the crown cannot pass to a person not a communicant of the established church. No member of the royal family can marry without the consent of the sovereign. The acts of parliament provide that the throne shall pass to one heir after another in the succession of age, but one family must be exhausted before another enters on the throne.

At the death of Queen Anne, daughter of James II, the crown fell to the son of Princess Sophia, wife of the Duke of Brunswick and great-granddaughter of Mary Stuart. This son was George I, founder of the Hanoverian dynasty. Queen Victoria is therefore a direct descendant of Mary of Scotland. George III had nine sons. The eldest, George IV, succeeded him. He died without children. The son immediately following George IV had died before him, also without children. Consequently the succession fell to the next son of George III, who became King William IV. He died and left no heir. At the time of his death there were three sons of George III still living. But the brother next younger than William was Edward, duke of Kent. He had married and died, leaving a daughter, Victoria. To her, therefore, as next in succession, the crown fell, passing over the heads of her uncles. So the children of the Prince of Wales will be heirs to the throne, one after the other in the order of age, before any of Queen Victoria's other children.

If Prince George should be king and die without heirs, then the succession would fall to the next younger of the Wales children, Louise of Fife, or her children, in case she died before them. The Fife succession is what the nobility of England most pray to be delivered from. They are so jealous of one another that they would almost rather see Lucifer himself raised to the throne of Great Britain than even a descendant of one who had moved in their circle.

Strange it must have seemed to the British royal family and something of a forecast of doom to find that there were a hundred thousand workingmen, thoroughly organized, who refused to send resolutions of condolence on the death of Prince Albert Victor, at the same time that the same workingmen passed resolutions expressive of the sincerest sorrow at the loss of Cardinal Manning. They knew who had been their friend

They are making a to do over an Englishwoman who undertook to doctor a sick donkey and became so attached to it that she kept it with her constantly and petted it like a dog or cat. The donkey, on its part, became so fond of the lady as to follow her everywhere. That is nothing to make a fuss about. Since the world began women have been forming violent attachments for donkeys.

The logic of events points to a time not far distant when the supply of gold as the exclusive legal tender metal will be exhausted in Europe. Then the nations there will be obliged to talk silver with us. Mr. Goschen, the British chancellor of the exchequer and the well known friend of silver, hints that the time has almost come in England now. The next step will be the international monetary conference called for by Senator Teller.

A newspaper correspondent asked Maurice Thompson, the author, if he had any hobbies, to which he replied that he had two noble ones—Greek literature and fresh air. Concerning the first of these nothing is to be said. It does not concern the public one way or the other. But the second one is far nobler than the first, and it is one which can be shared by all Thompson's fellow countrymen and the world at large. The cultivation of the fresh air hobby is to be commended. It can be fostered alike by people of means and people of no means.

Sir William Thompson, the famous electrician, advanced the theory twenty years ago that the first germs of life were brought to our planet by the meteors that fall in such showers. It is now suggested that diamonds came upon the earth in the same way. There are no known geological processes that will account for their formation. Diamonds, small but abundant, have been found in meteoric iron. Although small white stones of this kind have been noticed most of those found have been black diamonds the hardest variety known, and the kind employed in pointing diamond working tools.

Consolidated New York.

There is one way in which New York city can remain larger than Chicago for fifty years to come, and it is a sure way. It is the way adopted by the windy western city itself just before a census. It is easy and simple—merely the taking in of the outlying districts.

For some years a commission has been at work quietly making arrangements for such a consummation. Its final report and recommendations have been laid before the New York legislature for acceptance and action. The commission, at the head of which is the indefatigable Andrew H. Green, asks the legislature to empower it to prepare a bill for submission to the voters of the districts concerned. The enlargement proposed will take in Brooklyn, Staten Island, part of the district lying immediately north of the present limits of New York, also a portion of the suburbs of Brooklyn. Thus New York, Brooklyn, Staten Island and a number of outlying towns will be consolidated into one tremendous New York with a population of not less than 2,800,000. Then if two more bridges are built between New York and Brooklyn, and in some way not yet clear rapid transit can be secured from the upper end of New York city to the Battery, and from Staten Island to New York and Brooklyn, the sun will never shine upon a more magnificent city than this will be before many years. New York seems bound to take this step in self defense. The bitterest opposition to it would probably come from the mayors and town councils of Brooklyn and the small suburban towns, who do not want to be deprived of their civic dignities.

The Mexican Army.

If late dispatches are true it is not to be wondered that the rebels in Mexico are not easily put down. The Mexican law that sentences a criminal puts him at discretion into the penitentiary or into the regular army, to serve out his sentence with the military force. Thus it comes about that a large proportion of the Mexican army is composed of convicted criminals. It is like that system in vogue in some of our own states of leasing out penitentiary convicts to labor on public works. In the District of Columbia city prisoners thus work on the new streets of Washington.

The plan might prosper in the case of public works, but it could be nothing but a failure in the case of soldiers. The fellow who has been convicted of a penitentiary offense has naturally not much love for his country about that time. During our own war "Billy Wilson's" famous regiment of Zouaves was composed chiefly of toughs and criminals from New York, but they volunteered of their own free will, presumably from patriotism. As a matter of fact, these men, who might have been expected to make desperate fighters, cut a poor figure. They died from disease more rapidly than members of regiments recruited from respectable ranks. From one cause or another the regiment dwindled away rapidly, so that it was not heard of after the early years of the war. In Mexico the case is far worse than this, the criminals there being convicts under sentence, forced into the ranks against their will. A country is in a serious position when its national security and honor are in the keeping of men who cannot help being cowards, sneaks and traitors.

Character in Writing Inks.

Did you ever notice what an unfailing criterion as to character the use of the different inks are? The mamby pamby, dead and alive, affected and no account sort of person inapt to use the palest kind of writing fluid. The same with the insincere and crafty person and the scheming and selfish seeker after personal ends and advantages. The honest man and the reliable woman use good, well colored ink; the genius and the person blessed with individuality use the blackest ink that flows. Intellectual people are fond of all dark inks and affect violet a good deal. In all my experience I never knew a person with any decided ability or "vim" to use copying fluid. They like to make a good, sturdy impress of their individuality on everything, the paper they write a message on as well as the times in which they live.

Give me your positive folks every time, not afraid to make a distinct impress of themselves in whatever they undertake. Secretive people, over reticent people and absurd players at the delicate game of policy like to hide themselves behind the bewilderments of fine pens and the palest sort of ink. Take the trouble to watch, and you will see that what I say is true in the main.—Chicago Herald.

Walt Whitman did not die when he was told to, but lived to be propped up in bed and read his own obituary notices. "We'll beat the doctors yet," was his remark, when it was gently hinted to him that he might reasonably expect in a few hours or days more to wake up on the other shore. And beat them he did, for that time at least.

The latest Southern woman aspirant for literary honors is a young story writer of Tennessee who, like Charles Egbert Craddock, writes under a masculine name, Will Allen Drumgoole. But in this case the name is her own real one. Boston pets and fetes Miss Drumgoole, therefore her success must be considered assured.

Resolutions for amendments to the United States constitution show which way the wind begins to blow sometimes. For instance, a petition has been introduced into the senate and house the object of which is to do away with the electoral college and elect president and vice president of the United States by direct vote of the people. Another petition sent to the senate calls for a constitutional amendment which shall more effectually prevent the union of church and state.

The Kalmyyki.

Dr. Hans Kaarberg did not at all believe that the condition of the savage is better off as to health and happiness than that of the civilized man, and Germanlike he undertook to prove it. He made a journey to the steppes of Asia where dwell the barbaric Kalmyyki, otherwise the Kalmuck Tartars, who absolutely and not very respectfully decline thus far to be civilized. Dr. Kaarberg found, of course, that the Kalmyyk's wife was his bond slave. If she left him for a handsomer man the old Mongolian law permits her to be tied to the tail of a wild horse and driven out over the steppes. If, on the contrary, the Kalmyyk husband skips with a handsomer woman little or no punishment is meted out to him. But the Kalmyyk women are, as a rule, perfectly healthy and scarcely troubled at all with the ailments that afflict civilized women.

The Kalmyyk is an incorrigible horse thief and drunkard, though he makes a faithful servant. He is brutal when enraged at something weaker than himself, but otherwise cowardly, in which respect he is not altogether different from some civilized men. The Kalmyyki do not have consumption, rheumatism, bronchitis, gout, measles or weak eyes neither epilepsy, anæmia nor nervous prostration. But they have fevers and smallpox constantly, and are dying off before the advance of civilization. So you pays your money and you takes your choice.

About Flower Gardens.

In The Nineteenth Century "Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M. P.," gives some suggestions on garden making which are of use to rich or poor. He writes of the theme in winter because the winter is the time to prepare for a garden, if one is going to have it. A rare glimpse he gives us, too, of the character of the great botanist, Linnæus, who shed tears when he first beheld a field of English gorse, it was so beautiful.

Sir Herbert rejoices that the popular taste is returning from great flaring masses of red and yellow autumn flowers to the old favorites of the Elizabethan age, when outdoor English flowers were celebrated in prose and song. The first essential of a garden, however, is that it should contain some flowers that are in bloom at all times, successions of blossoms following one another as their respective months for opening come and pass. It must never be said, "You should have seen our garden a month ago; then it was indeed beautiful." The gardener, professional or amateur, who understands his business will know how to provide for a succession of beautiful blooms—from the crocus that peeps up through the snow to the flower that sheds its last pale petals when snow comes again.

In England there is one family of plants that will blossom in the dead of winter, "bridging the gulf between the embers of October and the first sparkles of February." This is the hellebore family, to which the Christmas rose belongs. One of these "opens its great bells, of the color of apple blossoms, in the first days of November, thenceforward, blow high, blow low, come sleet or snow or frost or rain, will maintain great wreaths of bloom till well on in January." It is not likely that we could have this plant in the severer climate of the northern part of the United States; still there are portions of the country where it would undoubtedly thrive.

The writer has not half the opinion of forced and hothouse floral beauties that he has of the natural outdoor flowers, and he congratulates us on the increase of these. We have a hundred species to choose from where the Eighteenth century gardener had one. If with all this wealth we do not have lovely gardens it is certainly our own fault. Mr. Maxwell further regrets that statuary has gone out of fashion in the decoration of gardens, for nowhere else can it be used to such advantage, giving as it does a feeling of repose to the beauty of nature all about it.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA — TRADE MARK —

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Humbug of Hypnotism.

The hostility of medical practitioners generally to all forms of telepathy, spiritualistic manifestations, hypnotism and clairvoyance may be explained by the fact that pretenders in these fields generally claim to be able to work marvelous cures without the aid of the doctors, and they are invariably willing to take handsome fees for their services. Naturally physicians hate them, and would hunt them out of existence if possible. This spirit of trade opposition has led medical men to ignore and deny facts which would have been of real service to them if they had descended from their pedestals sufficiently to investigate and appropriate these.

To this observation Dr. Ernest Hart, who writes in The Nineteenth Century, is partly an exception, partly not. Dr. Hart early studied hypnotism. His paper is called "Hypnotism and Humbug." He experimented carefully and scientifically in the field of mesmerism. He found he himself possessed a remarkable power for putting people to sleep at will. This was useful to him in his medical practice. Then he undertook to explain to himself how he did it. He established satisfactorily that there was no electric fluid about it that passed from him to the subject, neither magnetic, vital nor any other kind of fluid. He could produce the sleep when he suggested the idea to the patient without making any gestures or passes, and even when he set his will against the patient's going to sleep after the suggestion had been once made. He therefore concluded that the patient himself invariably hypnotized himself and that the doctor had nothing actively to do with it.

He explains the going to sleep by a change of idea on the part of the patient. This changes the circulation of the blood in the brain and produces an unusual impression, congesting some of the small cranial arteries, contracting others. The unusual impression performs the hypnotization, which seems reasonable enough; but if this is all, why cannot anybody hypnotize anybody else when he suggests to him that he will go to sleep? This point Dr. Hart leaves in the dark. Also, there are a thousand mysteries which Dr. Hart's little tape measure fails to touch in this ticking off of the universe. Facts which his measure by no means compasses are authenticated by persons whose word is at least as good as Dr. Hart's. All these facts he whistles down the wind, exactly like a doctor whose trade has been attacked, and exclaims, "Imposture, imposture, imposture!" All the same, calling a thing hard names when you do not understand it does not explain it. Ninety-nine hundredths of all so called mysterious happenings are doubtless humbugs, yet there remains the solitary hard hundredth.

When we read how the people of 200 years ago paid $6,000 for a single Dutch tulip bulb we think pityingly of the foolishness of the Sixteenth century. But when the people of 200 years hence read how Americans of the present paid over $100,000 for one horse, is it certain that they will not look back on us with a feeling akin to that which Miss Fanny Squeers expressed for Nicholas Nickleby in her famous postscript? One hundred and five thousand dollars for Axtell, $100,000 for St Blaise and now for the young 2-year-old trotter Arion a price has been paid greater than either of those named. If English Richard had lived in our time he might well have been willing to give his kingdom for a horse, since his whole kingdom just at that nick of time would have been worth scarcely more than Axtell, St. Blaise or Arion. There is no sign of prices for trotting and thoroughbred stock going lower either. On the contrary, they crawl steadily higher. It will be curious to know whether this thing will last till every grocer wagon has attached to it a 2:08¼ horse. The craze will not soon die out for fast horses from the fact that every few years now sees the record lowered, especially for trotting horses, and there will naturally be a desire to know the final limit of the speed that can be got out of horseflesh.

Mr. Tolman, of Brooklyn, announces to the world that he can extract aluminum from clay at a cost of five cents a pound by a new process he has invented. When he does so then aluminum will become the most valuable adjunct in the domestic line that the world has obtained. A metal that can be used instead of iron, steel, brass, copper, nickel or zinc in the finishing or furnishing of a house, and yet will not tarnish or corrode or melt easily and forms no poisonous compounds like brass or copper, will indeed be a blessing. Nozzles and door knobs made from it will never need scouring.

How a Great Mine Was Discovered.

A walk over the mountain to Friedensville, Pa., one spring day when the farmers were plowing their fields, brought the late Dr. Roepper, well known to mineralogists, to where a team was dragging a plow near the road. A talk with the driver brought out the fact that his farm was cursed with more than the usual amount of stones, and a sample was tossed over the fence to the doctor as evidence. It was recognized as a mass of quartz carrying calamine—a silicate of zinc. The fence was climbed and the two followed the plow forward and back across a field covered with similar masses.

Had the doctor been a sharper he would have bought the farm and died a rich man. As he was only an honest lover of nature he said a few words to the plowman that transformed an exhausted Pennsylvania farm into the seat of the Ueberroth mine; that set in operation the extensive zinc works of Bethlehem, Pa., and built the "President"—a pump that could raise 17,000 gallons of water per minute. This chance shot at a fortune is but one of many, and a dozen volumes would ill suffice to note the salient points of the record. If so much can be done haphazard it is evident that a systematic training in economic geology will furnish a means for a livelihood, as well as an aid in the consideration of economic questions in mining.—Engineering Magazine.

The United States supreme court has decided one point that has been at issue some years. It has decided that rulings of the treasury department in regard to the entry of immigrants into the country shall not be reviewable by the courts.

—Our local politicians are making active arrangements for the next campaign. They ordered a box of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup, and feel confident and happy. Price for a bottle, only 25 cents.

"A perfect success" is what dealers say about Salvation Oil, the great pain-cure. 25 cents.

—Takes 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, at 50 cents a bottle, to make up $500. One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales. Its makers profess to cure "cold in the head," and even chronic catarrh, and if they fail they pay $500 for their over-confidence.—

Not in newspaper words but in hard cash! Think of what confidence it takes to put that in the papers—and mean it.

Its makers believe in the remedy. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

After all, the mild agencies are the best. Perhaps they work more slowly, but they work surely. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are an active agency but quiet and mild. They're sugar-coated, easy to take, never shock nor derange the system and half their power is the mild way in which their work is done. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Twenty-five cents a vial. Of all druggists.

An Attractive Tour to Old Point Comfort via Pennsylvania Railroad.

This famous winter resort and important military centre will be the destination of a personally-conducted tour leaving Bristol at 9.19 A. M., February 11th, 1892. Excursion tickets good for ten days will be sold at a rate of $9.75. This rate includes one day's board at the Hygeia Hotel.

Special tickets with a return coupon via Richmond and Washington, allowing a stop over at each place within the limit, will be sold at $2 more than rate quoted above. The management of the Hygeia Hotel will grant to tourists a special rate per day during the ten days to which tickets are limited.

"CHEAP JOHN"

prices won't buy the genuine medicines. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (for the Liver, Blood and Lungs) and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (for woman's weaknesses and ailments), each cost $1.00 per bottle, and his Pleasant Pellets (the original little Liver Pills), 25 cents a vial, and no discount.

These genuine medicines are now sold only through druggists, regularly authorized as agents, and at the above long-established prices. But if you get the genuine, they're the cheapest medicines you can buy at any price. They're sold on a peculiar plan—"value received or no pay." In every case they're guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

Unauthorized dealers may offer spurious imitations or substitutes at lower prices than above.

Beware of all such.

A perfect remedy for scrofula, in all its forms—something that purifies the blood, as well as claims to. That, if it's taken in time, will cure Consumption.

As a strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder, nothing equals "Golden Medical Discovery." For every form of Scrofula, Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, Weak Lungs, Severe Coughs, and kindred ailments, it's the only remedy so sure that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

NO WOMAN

is beautiful with a bad skin, covered with pimples, freckles, moth or tan. I have been asked many times what will remove these unsightly blemishes. No face paints or powders will remove them, as they are caused by impure blood. The only sure remedy I have ever seen is Sulphur Bitters, and in hundreds of cases I have never known them to fail.—Editress Fashion Gazette.

Wanamaker's

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, February 1, 1892.

The value of a Dress Goods stock of the greatest proportions, so mobile in movement as to present new features daily, is great. The shopping community understand that better and better each season.

Note Brandenburgs. No more explanation is needed. Brandenburgs are known. They have character, individuality. But as the season goes on we would tell daily of Brandenburgs were we to keep you fully informed. There are more colorings in the tulip figures. Pictures of roses strung on light bits of ribbon are also just in. And Brandenburgs are 20c.

The Bedford Cord silk striped and plaid Ginghams have just added thirty colorings and patterns. They touch your art thought. The poetry of Cottons. 45c. Those 25c Ginghams—Yankees, Massachusetts—are irrepressible. They brook no Cotton rivals in any stuffs. To-day new patterns come, bold, radical, pronounced, grounds like plain Bunting, broad stripes composed of many little stripes winking and blinking their colors in a witch-like weave. Others with sateen stripes and bold plaids. Others with Bedford Cord stripes running through Zephyr plaids.

Have you seen the black and navy blue grounds, with rich, bold figures, in the Mousseline de l'Inde? No? You've missed something. But you can see them yet. 35c.

Whether it be Cottons or Wools wander over the town, look here and look there, then let our people show you more and better than all else combined.

Glance by the New Dress Goods beauties crowding in so thickly at almost every counter, and you catch glimpses of price marks on the Fall and Winter weights that will make you almost doubt your eyes. Like these:

50-inch All-Wool Suitings, small check overlaid with large Boucle Plaid, 50c from $1.

38-inch Cashmere Plaids, variety of styles, 75c from $1.

50-inch Surah Twill Plaids, $1 from $1.50.

In Black Dress Goods, too:

46-inch Black Beatrice, 75c from $1—the last lot we'll have of this choice stuff.

Black Robes—Thibet Cloth with lace embroidered trimming—at $18; originally $40.

Wanamaker's

Black Robes—Thibet Cloth with fine embroidered trimming—$20; originally $45.

First of the special importation of black Silk-and-Wool Henrietta. Extra fine quality and just the weight for Spring and Summer wear. $1, $1.25, $1.50. Width 38 inches.

Some call them Llama, some Ceylon—those unshrinking Flannels that are such favorites with everybody. The Scotch know how to get every grace of softness and style out of these stuffs—they do it as no one else has yet done it. Some of the neatest stripes and checks we've ever had are just here. Plains in pink, light blue, navy and cardinal are also in the lot.

If the wool is right a light, strong spool-cotton warp doesn't hurt the warmth or wear-worth of the Blanket a bit. The Blanket will wash better because of the slight network of cotton threads hidden in it. You must hunt and hunt and know how to hunt or you'd hardly mistrust that a fibre of cotton had been used.

Here's a Blanket with say 12 ounces of Cotton to 88 ounces of Wool. A generous, double-bed-size Blanket, 75x86 inches—trade fiction 12-4. It would be a really cheap Blanket here at $5 the pair; in some stores about town no better Blankets have brought $7 this season. We say for these $4.20 the pair—just what the maker would charge you by the case.

Same sort of Blankets, but single bed size (63x84 inches) are $3.25 the pair. At $4 they would be bargains to scream about elsewhere.

New lots added daily to the Cape Overcoat special bargain line. Leather Leggings, 3 to 9 year sizes, are $3.75 and $4.50 for tan, $3.50 and $4 for black. Unusual values.

Men's Overcoat prices stay just where the warm weather put them—or lower.

$40 Fur Beaver at $30.
$38 Blue Melton at $25.
$30 Blue Kersey at $22.50.
$25 Black Cheviot at $18.
$18 Black Kersey at $15.

That's the incline. Every Ulster in the stock reduced. About 50 Homespun Suits for men go from $20 and $22.50 to $12.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Miscellaneous

Do you want any Printing?

THE attention of the public is directed to the fact that the Job Department of the GAZETTE office is better equipped in all the material that is needed to do excellent printing, than any other office in Bristol, or for that matter, any other establishment in lower Bucks County.

If so, come to us!

IN THE first place it contains the largest assortment of Job Types, selected with care for beauty of face and diversity of work, together with a great variety of cuts, rules, borders, etc. It has four sizes of printing presses of the best makes and other requisite machinery which perform the work in the best manner. The presses are run by steam power and execute their work with precision and rapidity.

For good work!

THE stock of paper, envelopes, cut cards and card board is as large as the demand warrants and is kept up in its variety.

THE mechanical department is in charge of George R. Sherman, an experienced job printer, who gives his personal supervision to the correct and tasteful execution of all orders entrusted to the office.

For quick work!

WE DO more printing and have better facilities for doing it than the other offices in Bristol combined. We have the trade and are determined to keep it by making prices satisfactory and the work we do first-class. ***Our prices are the Lowest. Full count on all jobs guranteed. Liberal discount on large orders.

The Gazette office, Bristol, Pa.

F. H. WEIK,

Sanitary Plumber, Steam and Gas Fitter,

NO. 48 MILL STREET, BRISTOL.

All work entrusted to my care promptly and carefully attended to.

Miscellaneous

Useful Presents for the Holidays!

YOUR ATTENTION IS DIRECTED TO A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LINE OF

-SLIPPERS-

Of which we have a larger and more varied assortment than has ever been shown before, and when the quality of goods is considered the prices will astonish you. Gentlemen's Fine Ooze Calf, Fine Alligator in black, wine and tan, Fine Velvet Embroidered. Ladies' Slippers in velvet, corduroy and felt. Slippers for Boys and Youths in velvet, embroidered, and other varieties.

Also, Gentlemen's Patent Leather Shoes and Dancing Pumps, all varieties.

REMEMBER THE PLACE,

No. 3 Bath Street, Bristol.

T. A. FARLEY.

HOUSEKEEPERS!

I wish to call your ESPECIAL ATTENTION to the Large and Elegant Assortment of

Parlor Suites, Bed Room Suites, Dining Room and Office Furniture of all Descriptions,

Embracing many New and Novel Effects. Over 50 different Patterns of Parlor Suites

OF OUR OWN MANUFACTURE, FROM

$35 UP.

Three entire floors devoted to Bed Room Furniture. A good oak suite for $20. You are cordially invited to call when in Trenton and compare prices.

Lawrence Farrell,

144 & 146 N. Broad St. | TRENTON | 112 & 114 Academy St.

CLOTHING THAT NEVER FAILS.

PERFECT in cut and finish—always guaranteed for service—and the saving makes it worth your while.

WANAMAKER & BROWN, PHILA.

The Largest Clothing and Tailoring House in America.

We have been appointed Sole Agents for Bristol and vicinity, furnished with the new line of Samples, and the cut of pieces of our garments is guaranteed by the House. Please call or send postal card.

When convenient, order a little in advance so that we may not fail to have the Clothing here the day you are ready.

J. B. FOSTER, 34 Mill Street.

Also, Dealers in Gent's Furnishing Goods.

4000 PRIZES

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE'S "World's Fair." OPEN TO ALL BOYS AND GIRLS who can Draw, Paint, Sew, Read, Forge, Whittle, or Take a Photograph. First Prizes—$135 Victor Bicycle, $100 Mahogany Secretary. Also, 415 Prizes—Library 100 Volumes, Dictionaries, 15-foot U. S. Flags offered to SCHOOLS. Harper's Young People has been enlarged, and is Brighter and Better than ever. Sample Copy, Prize List, Prize Puzzle—all free, IF YOU WRITE AT ONCE.—Harper's Young People, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Cynthia C. Shortlidge's Media Academy.

Media, Pa., near Philada. School Opens Sept. 24th. Yearly Expense, $500. Circulars Free.

JAMES H. MASON KNOX, D. D., LL. D., President of Lafayette College, writes:—Mr. SHORTLIDGE is a most successful teacher. The students whom he has prepared for Lafayette have given abundant evidence of faithfulness and skill as an instructor. I take very great pleasure in commending him and the Media Academy to all who seek a school in which they may be sure of thorough, preparatory work of the very best attention. The school is worthy of the highest commendation.

CHAS. A. SCHAEFER, Dean of Cornell University, N. Y., writes:—I take pleasure in stating that the pupil from it entered without condition. Hoping that you may be able to send us many such, I am very sincerely yours.

DR. WILLIAM PEPPER, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, writes:—I have had frequent occasion to observe the excellent results of the thorough work done by the students under your care, and a careful examination of your course of study as compared with the requirements for admission to the University of Penn sylvania show that your school not only covers opportunity both to students desiring to fit themselves for entrance to this as well as to other colleges of the highest grade.

REV. JAMES McCOSH, Ex-President of Princeton University, writes:—I have examined with care the course of studies pursued at SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S School, at Media, Pa., and I find it to be admirable. Mr. SHORTLIDGE has sent to this college a number of the boys well prepared.

PRESIDENT ELIOT, of Harvard University, writes:—Yes, I have acquainted myself with the best possible evidence of the excellence of your school in preparing young men so well fitted, and I hope you will have the professional success which you certainly deserve.

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER

THE POSITIVE CURE.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts. 50c

ROBERT M. YARDLEY,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Doylestown, Pa.

Farms & Houses

FOR SALE AND TO RENT.

Rents and All Other Bills Collected.

EDW. N. BOOZ,

No. 10 Wood Street, Bristol, Pa.

YOUNG'S DRUG STORE,

55 Bath St., Bristol, Pa.

We have on hand a large & well selected stock of

Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals,

Perfumery & Toilet Articles,

White Lead, Oils & Varnishes,

Agent for the sale of Nice & Raw's

Ready Mixed Paints,

These Paints are guaranteed to be the best in this market.

We give personal attention to the compounding of Physician's Prescriptions, at all hours, day or night, and guarantee PURITY and ACCURACY always.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE SWEENEY, deceased, late Bristol Borough, Bucks County.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

A. WEIR GILKESON, Executor.

POSTMEN, POLICEMEN AND FIREMEN can get a Colex Box or Wardrobe Lounge in districts where I have no agents. ALFRED COLES, 446 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Charles Guyon,

GENERAL HOUSE PAINTER!

—AND—

Hard Wood Finisher;

Washington St., next to School House,

BRISTOL, PA.

STOVES AND TINWARE.

T. B. DOUGLASS,

No. 61 Mill Street, Bristol, Pa.,

Has always on hand a large stock of first class Stoves and Tinware.

Parlor Stoves, Double Heaters, Cook Stoves, Ranges, Portable Heaters, High Art Stoves, and Embossed Stove Boards, and Bread Boxes, Tin Pitchers, Paper Wash Basins, Galvanized Waiters, Argot Ware, Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Metaline Brilliant,

the best article in the world for cleaning nickel, brass, silver, &c.

Wash Boilers, Japan-ware, Milk Pans and other articles in the tin line.

Polite attention. No trouble to show goods.

TIN ROOFING A SPECIALTY.

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.

We will $900 Salary and Commission to Men PAY and Women, Teachers and Clergymen to sell our NEW, POPULAR STANDARD WORK,

MARVELS OF THE NEW WEST.

No finer book published. Over 350 choice engravings. In 400 copies sold in one week. Endorsed by the greatest men of the country. This is no humbug offer.

Write at Once FOR PARTICULARS IN REGARD TO SALARY.

THE HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO., Norwich, Conn.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Bucks County Gazette.

Entered at the Bristol Post Office as second class matter.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1892.

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NEW YORK—Arrives at 7.00, 10.15 A. M., 7.15 P. M. Closes at 7.00, 8.15, 11.30 A. M., 4.00, 6.45 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA—Arrives at 7.00, 7.15 A. M., 4.00, 6.45 P. M. Closes at 5.15, 10.00 A. M., 2.45, 7.30 P. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and leaves at 8.08 A. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c.—Arrives at 10.10 A. M. Close at 11.15 A. M.

BELVIDERE DIVISION—Arrives at 10.15 A. M., 3.12, 7.30 P. M. Close at 7.00, 10.00 A. M.

TULLYTOWN, PENN VALLEY, MORRISVILLE—Arrives at 10.15 A. M., 3.30 P. M. Closes at 6.30 A. M., 1.00 P. M.

TRENTON—Arrives at 7.00, 10.00 A. M., 3.30, 7.15 P. M. Leaves at 7.00, 8.15 A. M., 4.00 and 6.45 P. M.

WESTERN—Arrives at 7.45, 10.00 A. M.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

W. H. H. FINE, P. M.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Leave Bristol for Phila., (Broad St.) *2.46, 5.35, 6.30, 6.53, 7.21, 7.41, *8.12, 8.23, *9.14, *9.19, 9.52, *10.26 A. M. 12.07, 1.01, *1.34, *3.03, 3.12, 4.01, *4.58, *5.37, 5.45, 6.25, *7.00, 8.51, 9.27, 11.21 P. M. Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *9.19, *10.26, A. M. *12.04, 12.25, 5.05, 5.48, *7.21, 7.30, 8.51, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.) for Bristol, 12.01, 6.07, 6.28, *6.50, 7.32, 8.30, 10.01, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.10, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *4.00, 4.20, *5.00, 5.02, 5.25, *6.00, 6.01, 6.21, *7.03, 7.27, 9.17, *10.00, 10.28, 11.31 P. M. Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.30, 9.05, 11.45, A. M. 2.06, *5.19, 5.53, *7.03, 7.25, 8.12, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

—Council meets next Monday evening.

—Tuesday, February 16th is Election Day.

—The Young Men's Guild of St. James' Church, hold a meeting this evening.

—The ferry boat has been taken to Philadelphia to have her machinery overhauled.

—The County Commissioners have fixed the tax-rate at three mills on the dollar for county purposes.

—There was no money sold at the meeting of the Bristol Building Association last Monday evening.

—The St. Mark's Literary Society has begun the formation of a library and now has about four hundred volumes.

—It looks very much like as if the office seeks the man instead of the man seeking the office at the coming election.

—Joseph Maule, minister of the Orthodox Society of Friends, preached in the Presbyterian Church last Sunday evening.

—Jesse Hellings, a well known resident of Bristol township, died yesterday morning. He had been a paralytic for a number of years.

—The ground hog didn't get scared at his shadow last Tuesday and as a consequence six weeks of fair weather are prognosticated.

—An excellent concert will be given in the Presbyterian Church on Thursday the 18th inst., the performers being chiefly well known Philadelphia musicians.

—The fifth lecture of Prof. Thorpe of the course "on the Administration of the Government in the United States" will be delivered in the Presbyterian Church to-morrow evening.

—A free lecture to the people of Bristol and vicinity by Professor Thorpe is being arranged for by the lecturer and Mr. Chas E. Schiede, the President of the Bristol Centre.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol Post Office, February 4th, 1892: Miss Laura S Bertler, Mrs. Mary Clarkson, B. Goughan, Arthur J. Hoff, John Hudson, Wm. King, Richard Mangion, John McAdoo.

—The ward and borough Republican conventions will be held on Saturday evening at 7.30 o'clock. The First ward convention will be held at the Town Hall. The Second ward at Riverview Hall, the Third ward at Mohican Hall and the Fourth ward at the house of John T. Smith. The borough convention consisting of nine delegates from each ward will be held at the Town Hall at 9.30 o'clock. The nominations to be made are High Constable, Tax Collector, Auditors, Ward Constables, Assessors, Councilman, School Directors and Election Officers. It is the duty of Republicans to attend their ward convention and aid in making the best ticket possible.

—The Upper Delaware River Transportation Company has sold its entire property consisting of the steamboats Columbia and John A. Warner, two piers on the Delaware River at Chestnut street, having a frontage of 60 feet and a store on the west side of Delaware avenue. The capitol stock of the Company is $130,000. The controlling interest of the Company was sold at par, and the remainder at prices varying from 80 to 90 cents. It is also said that the steamboat Twilight has been sold to the purchaser of the Columbia and Warner. The name of the purchaser is not yet authoritively announced but it is generally supposed to be the Reading Railroad Company.

ALMOST A TRAGEDY.

MISS LAURA WARWICK SHOT BY HER MOTHER.

On last Thursday afternoon, Mrs. George Warwick, of Atlantic City, whose mind has been unbalanced for some time, shot her daughter, Laura, in the head. The Warwick family lived in Bristol many years and were well known to most of the citizens of this place. They removed to Atlantic City several years ago, for the benefit of Mrs. Warwick's health. The Atlantic City Review, of last Saturday gives the following particulars of the affair:

What might have been the death of three persons only resulted in the wounding of Miss Laura Warwick, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Captain George Warwick, of the schooner Blanch H. King, who resides at 1412 Atlantic avenue.

The family consists of Mrs. Warwick, Miss Laura and Master Clifford when the captain is away. Mrs. Warwick has been an invalid for a number of years, and was very rarely seen by visitors to the house. Miss Laura was housekeeper, and attended to all the household duties. About 2 o'clock on Thursday Mrs. Warwick wanted a spool of cotton and instead of sending in next door, as is her usual custom, sent her son to Cope's store, about one block away, and he had only been gone a few minutes when Mrs. Warwick produced a revolver of 22-calibre and shot her daughter under the left eye. The ball missed the eye-ball and is hidden in the cavity around it and could not be located by Dr. E. L. Reed, who is attending her. Soon after the shooting the son returned and found both women greatly excited and was sent for a physician. While he had gone Miss Warwick ran out of the house and up Atlantic avenue to Dr. Ingram's drug store. As the doctor was out his son advised her to go back home and wait for Dr. Reed to come, which she did.

Miss Warwick was about the house most of the afternoon on Thursday after the shooting and answered the door bell, but excused herself from receiving her lady friends, stating that she had met with an accident. The shooting was kept very quiet and did not get out until yesterday about noon, and the police did not know of it until informed by a REVIEW representative. Miss Flora Scull, the daughter of H. S. Scull, who resides next door, and who is very intimate with the family, was sent in by her father whose suspicions were aroused by what his children had seen from the yard, and it was not until the second visit of Miss Scull that she learned the truth. Thursday night no one was admitted to the Warwick residence and everything was kept dark about it. Mr. Scull remained up until 1 o'clock and sent in word early in the evening that he was ready to render any assistance needed, but they did not call upon him.

Miss Scull and Miss Dickerson was with their friend all day yesterday, but she was about or lying on the couch in the sitting room and received calls from several of her friends, and up to last night did not appear to be effected physically.

Dr. Reed was seen last night and stated that he had not located the ball, and that it will be a very delicate operation to take it out when located, and he thinks in any event Miss Warwick will lose the sight of the eye from the inflamation which will follow.

It was learned by a REVIEW representative that Mrs. Warwick told one of the family that her intentions was to have killed her daughter, and son upon his return, and then herself, but the failure of the first shot which was at such close range that the powder was imbeded in the skin brought her to her right mind and she realized what she had done.

The revolver belonged to her son, and after his return he took it into the yard and unloaded the other chambers.

It is evident that the extreme sufferings of Mrs. Warwick the past year, has unbalanced her mind at times and she was evidently insane on Thursday.

Mrs. Gillingham, Mrs. Warwick's mother, arrived from Bristol, Pa., last night where the Warwicks lived before moving to this city. Captain Warwick, who is in Philadelphia, is expected home this morning.

Miss Warwick is a very popular young lady and this sad affair has cast a gloom over the entire city.

The Philadelphia papers of yesterday state that it is feared Miss Warwick will lose her sight entirely, and that a warrant for Mrs. Warwick's arrest had been served and that she was placed under police surveillance.

A despatch from Atlantic City published in yesterday's Philadelphia Times says:

Information was received here tonight to the effect that Prosecutor of the Pleas, Joseph Thompson, had conferred with Judge Alfred Reed, in Trenton, to-day in regard to the course he should pursue in the shooting case of Mrs. Emma Warwick, who attempted to kill her daughter in this city last Thursday. It is understood that Judge Reed has consented to hear the case next Saturday, when he will decide upon her mental condition, and if found to be in anyway inflicted with insanity he will commit her to the asylum at Trenton.

The wounded girl's health continues good, but as yet the ball has not been extracted. The operation which will have to be performed, the bullet being lodged over the right eye, will be a delicate one, and hardly a doubt is expressed but that she will lose the sight of either one or both of her eyes.

CHURCH NOTICE.

Regular services at the Baptist church, Sunday, February 7th, morning and evening.

At 10.30 A. M., a sermon by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Clipman, on the life and work of Spurgeon, "the greatest preacher of his day." Following the sermon, the ordination of the Church Deacons will take place, followed by the observance of the Lord's Supper. Let all the members who possibly can, be present.

Sunday school at 2.00 P. M., F. B. Booz, Superintendent. All are welcome. At 7.30 P. M., sermon by the pastor on "Old Shoes." Everybody kindly welcome to all the services of the day.

INSTALLATION SERVICES.

The services of the public recognition of Rev. W. H. Clipman as pastor of the First Baptist church, of Bristol, will occur on Tuesday evening, Feb. 9th, at 7.30 o'clock P. M., in the church, corner Walnut and Cedar Sts.

The sermon of the occasion will be preached by Rev. F. S. Dobbins, of Frankford. Rev. E. P. Shields, D. D., of the Presbyterian church, will deliver an address welcoming the pastor to the community. The following ministers will also be present and participate in the services:

Revs. C. H. Thomas, R. B. McDanel, A. B. Bowser, of Philadelphia, Rev. D. W. Sheppard, of Davisville, Pa., and Rev. T. M. Eastwood, of Burlington, N. J. The sweet gospel singers, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Land, of Philadelphia, will be present and render the services enjoyable to all by their excellent singing. A most cordial invitation is extended to everybody to attend these services.

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE.

EDITOR OF GAZETTE:—The report of the Bristol Library recently published, while rather dolorous, was nevertheless interesting, especially the financial part: $20 on hand and debts due of $96, or thereabout. The following recipe from the "Library Journal" I thought would interest and divert the friends and managers of our struggling library:

HOW TO ENDOW A LIBRARY.

Take 50 (or any other number) rich men, trustees of libraries preferred.
Take 1 dextrously persuasive librarian-chef.
Take 20 lbs. flour of urgent reason.
Take 10 lbs. mixed spices to tickle fancy.
Take 5 lbs. salt of wit.
Take 5 pints yeast of desire.
Take 200 lbs. sugar of flattery (more or less to suit taste.)
Take ¼ lb dynamite of determination.

Directions—The librarian chef takes in turn each of the R. M., and having stuffed and covered him with a thick batter of above ingredients carefully mixed in due proportions, sets him aside to simmer gently, the fire being closely tended and the heat gradually increased without singeing or scorching one. When all have become thoroughly heated, clap them quickly in the pot, pour in more spices and stir hastily for a few moments. With a long-handled spoon drop in the dynamite, cover all, and retire with speed. In ten seconds the cover will fly off and the chef will find, done to a beautiful brown, fifty (more or less) non-transferable ten-year endowment life insurance policies of $2,000, each written in favor of his library.

I have some times thought that a judicious use of some of the above ingredients might have a good effect even in Bristol. JNO. C. MAULE.

2d Month, 1892.

EDUCATION AND THE SCHOOLS.

The subject of education has received a direct impulse from the enterprise that has become familiar to the public under the name of "University Extension." Any one taking up a paper or journal devoted to educational matters will see, at a glance, what a lively interest is felt, what a keen concern is manifested, in all that pertains to the instruction of the young. Every feature of the important subject is discussed, and the interchange of opinion and thought is free and general. Theory and practice, plan and method, all play their part in the wide-spread discussion. The public schools command a large share of attention. How their highest usefulness may be best promoted, how they may be improved in efficiency and broadened in practical value, are points that claim the serious consideration of thinking people. They applaud every effort that is made to render them more and more servicable to the rising generation. They welcome and extol every scheme or suggestion that aims to give them a wider scope and a higher degree of intellectual vigor. The intrinsic importance of moral direction, side by side with mental training, fails not to enlist their earnest notice. The more efficient these schools become as agents in imparting light to the young mind, and worth to the growing character, the greater will be their recognized value, and the higher will be their utility in popular estimation.

Those who are in any way connected with the administration of the public schools, have resting on them a weighty responsibility. There the mind of the future citizen is formed; there the character of the coming member of society is moulded. We need not the stimulus of the current discussion to rivet these simple truths upon our attention. Directors, superintendents and teachers all know what place the school holds in the broad drama of life; and they all know how important it is for the school to be a positive force, and not a poor, weak, aimless thing, without life or spirit, progress or vital energy.

In the discussion alluded to, all who write or speak on the subject are entirely united concerning one point, namely, that the most essential thing is to place the schools in charge of good teachers. They should be earnest, conscientious and faithful, and possessed of those high qualities that belong to a superior personality. A good school, they declare, is impossible without a good teacher. Even a teacher may improve in mental ability and force of character. The more ambitious a teacher is to fit himself for his vocation, the greater will be the value he will give to his work, and the higher will be his rank in the appreciation of the directors as well as the public. Those schools prosper best which are under the guidance of progressive, intelligent and educated teachers. They are the ones which possess the highest inherent merit, and which reflect honor upon the community where they exist.

BRISTOL, Feb. 1,'92. VINCENT.

THE LOTUS.

BRISTOL, PA., Feb. 2, 1892.

The Lotus Literary and Debating Society held its semi-annual election on Monday evening. President R. B. Kelly in the chair. John Christy was appointed critic for the evening. After the reading of the Scriptures and prayer, the literary exercises were begun by a reading by Harry Sickles, entitled "The Full-blooded Cow." Acting editor; Joseph Leafe, read the communications to the journal, which were numerous and appropriate. The second series of the doings and sayings of the Focus Litteratorr Society, being especially noteworthy. These articles are from the pen of Joseph Leafe, and are superior to any previous papers that have appeared in the "Society Journal." The chair appointed as judges of debate Messrs. Jacob Wischer, Chas. R. Thompson and N. M. Stephens. The debate of the evening was then taken up, "Resolved, That a Limited Monarchy is Preferable to a Republican form of Government." F. W. Powner and George Ardrey ably defended the affirmative, whilst Ellnathan Brown and Philip Sailor upheld the negative. The discussion was animated and spirited, and was discussed pro and con by a large number of the members present. The judges decided that the negative side presented the best argument, and it was so recorded. Messrs. F. B. Booz and N. M. Stephens were appointed auditors to audit the treasurer's books. The election of officers for the ensuing term was then taken up. Messrs. R. B. Kelly and Harry Sickels were appointed tellers. The following ticket was elected: President, Rev. W. H. Clipman; Vice-President, Joseph Leafe; Secretary, R. B. Kelly; Financial Secretary, Malpas Ardrey; Treasurer, Samuel T. Valentine; Editor, John Christy. The President-elect upon taking the chair appointed the following standing committees: On programme, John Angus and R. B. Kelly; on membership, G. Ardrey, Alex. Wilson and N. M. Stephen. The programme committee presented the following for next Monday night: Reading, S. T. Valentine; essay, R. B. Kelly; subject for debate, "Resolved, That it will be Advantageous to the Public to have the Philadelphia and Reading R. R. Company Control the Steamboats plying between Bristol and Phila." Affirmative, Joseph Leafe, F. B. Booz. Negative, Harry Sickels, Alex. Wilson. Contributors to Journal, Ellnathan Brown, LaRue Hellings, M. Ardrey, Philip Sailor, John Christy. The attendance at this meeting was larger than at any previous meeting since last April. After the report of the Critic the meeting adjourned.

C. E. B.

—Thomas Black was arrested last Friday, for creating a disturbance at Steel's Mills. He was intoxicated and wanted to enter one of the weaving rooms to see an employee. He was ordered off the grounds but refused to go, and made an attack on Mr. Steel. He is now in Doylestown jail.

Lane's Family Medicine Moves Bowels Each day. Most people use it.

Common Soap
Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.
IVORY SOAP
DOES NOT.

QUARRELED TO THE LAST.

A Brothers' Feud That Was Continued for Years with Never a Truce.

"You will take the road to the right, over the hill, at Brothers' Feud," said the liveryman. "The bridge on the lower road was washed away in the storm."

"Brothers' Feud?" said I. "Where is that?"

"Aren't you acquainted in this country? No? Well, you can't be. Every one within a hundred miles, I suppose, knows about Brothers' Feud. The way of it was, when old man Ellacot died he gave his farm undivided to his two sons. They had no other relatives living. But they couldn't get along together, and one of them brought suit for partition. The place is very hilly and isn't worth much in the first place. And the lawyer fees didn't make it any more valuable. But they finally got the matter through court and the surveyor came out to survey the place. They asked him who was to pay him, and he said they would each pay half the expense of partition. They agreed and he went ahead.

"One of them paid and the other didn't. That was nobody's loss but the surveyor's, but it made the paying brother so mad to think his brother had done less than himself that he took up the dividing line stakes and set them over two rods in his brother's land. That made his brother mad and he took up the stakes and set them two rods beyond the line. So they began quarreling over that four rods of hill land that wasn't worth ten dollars an acre. But the timber was fine, and when the buyers came along and offered twenty dollars a thousand for stave timber Jim and Joe began quarreling in earnest.

"Each one hired a gang of choppers, and the choppers took up the fight, for it did seem the likeliest timber grew in the disputed strip. Why, those choppers had regular battles there, and the sheriff had to go out with a posse. Three men were killed just chopped to death with axes. We have had more criminal cases from that four rods of sand and gravel than from all the rest of the county. We finally had to get out a company of militia, when the buyers run up the price to twenty-two dollars a thousand. It was worth something then. But each fellow spent all he made from his trees defending his suits, and when the timber was finally gone and the price fell there stood about the only good walnut in the county. That is worth a good deal of money now. All the rest of the walnut was sold years ago, and it is worth near its weight in silver.

"Well, if you go by there today you will most likely see two gray haired old men, sitting one on each side of that strip of timber, each one with a rifle beside him, and waiting to kill the other if he steps on the strip. They both swear they will stay right there till they die. I suppose they will, but if either of them gets reckless and ventures on the strip his brother will shoot him sure. You see the ground is worth a good deal now. The men were so busy fighting in the timber time that they didn't have time to cut. Goodby. Take the right hand road when you come to the hill. The bridge is gone on the other one."

I found the Brothers' Feud without any trouble, and looked with great interest for the two insane brothers. They had been so devoted to their quarrel that they had never married, and they lived all alone, each in a little cabin their father had given them. As I drove along I saw a group of neighbors about one of the houses. At the door of the other sat a trembling, palsied old man, with a rifle across his unsteady knees. I went up to the crowd and found that Jim was dead.

"Been dead two or three days when we found him," said the neighbor.

"What more does his brother want?" I asked. "He still seems to be on guard."

"Well, he is so deaf he can't hear when we holler over and tell him, and he is so blind he couldn't see when his brother fell down by the log and died. Besides, he has lost his season. He will never know that the brothers' feud is ended."—Chicago Herald.

Position During Sleep.

Man is when standing erect the only animal that has the thigh in line with the axis of the vertebral column, and among his nearest congeners in the animal world the flexed state of the femoral articulation is natural and constant. As we go down the scale the angle between the thighs and trunk diminishes until it reaches the right angle characteristic of most quadrupeds.

I speak here of the attitude adopted when the animal is at rest upon its legs, for during sleep there is in many cases a curious reversion to the position occupied in embryonic life. Thus we see that a bird roosting with its head "under its wing" and the legs drawn up close to the body offers a decided resemblance to the chick in the egg.

I have noticed that young children, when old enough to shift their limbs, very seldom sleep in any but the curled up position, and that as often as not, when unhampered by clothing or other artificial restraints, they sleep in the same attitude as do many quadrupeds—viz., with the abdomen downward and the limbs flexed beneath them. I am told that negro mothers and nurses in the West Indies invariably lay their charges down to sleep on their stomachs, and that this custom is also common in various parts of the world. —Nineteenth Century.

Hardly Complimentary.

A certain author, having explained the nature of his occupation to an old Manx woman, was hardly prepared for the comment, "Well, well, what does it matter so long as a body makes his livin honestly?" the words being evidently meant to put him on better terms with himself. But worse still fared an English clergyman, for some time vicar of a Manx parish, and from ignorance of the people and their ways not a very popular one. Having received preferment elsewhere, he started on a round of farewell visits, but without hearing a single regret. At last one old woman told him she was "mortal sorry." In his delight the vicar let curiosity outrun discretion, and he asked for her reason. "Well," said she, with touching candor, "we've had a lot o' pass'ns over here from England, and each one has been worse than the last, and after you're gone I'm afeard they'll be sen'in us the devil himself." The vicar left hurriedly.—London Saturday Review.

Shower Boquets.

The "shower boquets" are still popular, though they seem to be relegated chiefly to brides. Long stemmed flowers, flowing loops of ribbon, and drooping tendrils are the features of these posies, which cover a wide surface. One carried by a bride of the past week had to be held about at corsage level to let its showering ends escape the floor. The notion is an English importation.—New York Times.

It is not what a thing is, but what we think it is, that frightens us. A man walks within an inch of death without knowing it, and therefore without trembling; and then his hair stands on end at some empty noise as harmless as the buzzing of a fly.

A Japanese Fish.

A favorite food fish in Japan is the tai. It contains two bones the Japanese call, from their shape, the hoe and sickel. When eating the fish a mother will tell her children, "Now wait till I get you the hoe and sickel," and the children use them as playthings.—Philadelphia Ledger.

—I WAS a sufferer from catarrh for fifteen years, with distressing pain over my eyes. I used Ely's Cream Balm with gratifying results. Am apparently cured.—Z. C. Warren, Rutland, Vt.

I SUFFERED from a severe cold in my head for months and could get no relief. Was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like magic in its cure. I am free from my cold after using the Balm one week, and I believe it is the best remedy known.—Samuel J. Harris, Wholesale Grocer, 119 Front St., New York.

BE YOUR OWN DOCTOR.

It won't cost you one half as much. Do not delay. Send three 2-cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufmann's great work, fine colored plates, from life, on disease, its causes and home cure. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

—Shakespeare will please excuse us if we modify him thus: Thrice is he clad who hath his system strengthened with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and he but naked, though arrayed in furs, whose blood is poor or with disease corrupted. An incomparable medicine!

Money in Cabbage and Celery.

"Blood will tell." Good crops can not be grown with poor strains of seed.

For sixteen years Tillinghast's Puget Sound Cabbage, Cauliflower and Celery Seeds have been gaining in popularity. The most extensive growers all over the Union now consider them the best in the world. A catalogue giving full particulars regarding them will be sent free to any one interested. When writing for it enclose 20 cents in silver or postage stamps and we will also send "How to Grow Cabbage and Celery," a book worth its weight in gold to any grower who has never read it. Address

ISAAC F. TILLINGHAST, La Plume, Pa.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at Jno. K. Young's Drug store.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their popularity purely on their merits. John K. Young, Druggist.

If current rumors are true Humphrey's Good Samaritan is the best Liniment in the world for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Ask Franklin Moss, the blacksmith, what he knows about it.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Fall and Winter trade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jno. K. Young.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

The States of Montana and Washington are very fully described in two folders issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad, entitled "Golden Montana" and "Fruitful Washington." The folders contain good county maps of the States named, and information in reference to climate, lands, resources and other subjects of interest to capitalists, business men and settlers.

Holders of second class tickets to North Pacific Coast points, via Northern Pacific Railroad, are allowed the privilege of stopping over at Spokane, Washington, and other points west thereof, for the purpose of examining all sections of this magnificant State before locating. Northern Pacific through express trains carry free colonist sleeping cars from St. Paul, and Pullman tourist sleepers from Chicago (via Wisconsin Central Line) to Montana and Pacific Coast points daily.

California tourists, and travelers to Montana and the North Pacific Coast, can purchase round trip excursion tickets at rates which amount to but little more than the one way fare. Choice of routes is allowed on these tickets, which are good for three or six months, according to destination, and permit of stop-overs.

The elegant equipment on the Northern Pacific Railroad: the dining car service; the through first class sleeping cars from Chicago (via both Wisconsin Central Line and C. M. & St. P. Ry.) to Pacific Coast points, and the most magnificent scenery of seven States, are among the advantages and attractions offered to travelers by this line.

The "Wonderland" book issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad describes the country between the Great Lakes and Pacific Ocean, with maps and illustrations.

For any of the above publications, and rates, maps, time tables, write to any General or District Passenger Agent, or Chas S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

THE WORLD FOR 1892.

"The most energetic, resolute and relentless journal in America when it sets out to accomplish any great object; I can testify to its ready humanity, comprehension and persistence."—Gail Hamilton.

We can tell our Republican readers a secret and our Democratic friends a piece of good news:

"The World" intends to and will elect another Democratic President this year, as it elected Grover Cleveland in 1884.

Whether the Democratic candidate shall be Grover Cleveland, representing the cause of Tariff Reform, or any one of a number of other Democratic leaders who can be elected, representing all the elements of opposition to Republicanism, "The World" will be foremost in his support. The next President must be a Democrat.

But while doing this "The World" will give to its Republican readers, as it did in the recent campaign, a fuller and better report of Republican meetings and speeches in the Presidential canvass than the organs of their own party print. "The World" never colors news: it photographs events.

"The World" is now printing an average of over 330,000 copies a day. It has made a net average gain of 36,000 a day during the past year. It will circulate next year, on the basis of this increase only, at least 120,000,000 copies of the ablest, strongest and best Democratic newspaper ever printed.

"The World" is recognized as distinctively the Newspaper of the People. It believes that to be the highest journalism which is dedicated to the public service.

"The World" puts heart and conscience into its work as well as brains. It is the handmaid of Justice, the unraveller of mysteries, the detecter and the terror of Crime, the friend of the friendless, the help of the poor, the strength of the weak. Realizing that its power comes from the People, it gives back to them freely whatever service its influence and its resources enable it to render.

With a perfect equipment, a thorough organization, capable direction and a deep determination to move on and up to higher ideals and greater achievements, "The World" wishes its multitude [illegible] which the men of dress [illegible] New Year, and confi[illegible] welcome as a sop of amel[illegible] from it durin[illegible] represent conventional regime, things than [illegible] found, however, that there will [illegible] ready usual demand forthcom

NOTHING SO SUCCESSFUL AS SUCCESS.

The winter is passing. Spring is rapidly approaching. The voice of the dove will soon be heard in the land once more. Nature will unlock the flowers and the rush for carriages and harness will commence. Already the pulse of business is commencing to quicken. Early buyers are calling and inquiries from all parts coming. This year, '92, has the best base for prosperity that America ever knew. Do not forget that Birch, of Burlington, N. J., has made great preparation for the demand that is sure to follow. Acres of carriages and harness, over 100 styles of each, and all at very moderate prices Call and examine or send for catalogue and price-list.

—"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering from bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he writes for more."—Charles F. Dumterville, Plymouth, England.

PHILADELPHIA AMUSEMENTS.

The announcements at the leading theatres for next week are:

Academy of Music—Boston Symphony Concert February 8; Miss Emma Thursby Concert February 10, French and Italian grand opera February 11.

Arch Street Theatre—"The Cruiskeen Lawn."

Broad Street Theatre—The American drama, "Alabama."

Chestnut Street Opera House—Fourth week of Den Thompson in "The Old Homestead"

Chestnut Street Theatre—Rose Coghlan in "Dorothy's Dilemma."

Egyptian Hall—Keller in new wonders of magic.

Empire—The fine sensational drama, "One of the Bravest."

Park—Rhea and company in the new play, "La Czarina."

Walnut—Second week of Nat Goodwin.

Girard Avenue—Boucicault's great drama, "Led Astray."

Grand Opera House—Last week of the American Extravaganza Company's superb production of "Sinbad."

National—The interesting Swedish dialect drama, "Ole Olson."

—18 pounds of blood is about the quantity nature allows to an adult person. It is of the utmost importance that the blood should be kept as pure as possible. By its remarkable cures of scrofula, salt rheum, etc., Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its claim to be the best blood purifier.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

DIED.

CABE.—In Bristol, on Feb. 2, 1892, Thomas Cabe, aged 73 years.

WRIGHT.—At Penn's Manor, on January 31, [illegible] 62 years, 3 months and 6 days.

New Advertisements.

Peremptory Sale of Real Estate.

WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC SALE, ON **Saturday, Feb. 13, 1892,**

At 2 o'clock, p. m., on the premises, the Real Estate of the subscriber, situate on the east side of Bath street, in Bristol Borough, adjoining lands of the late Henry M. Wright's estate and Michael McGinley.

The lot has a front on Bath street of thirty feet with a depth of one hundred and twenty-six feet. The improvements are a 2½ story frame house 30x60 feet, with five rooms on the first floor, six on the second and three in the attic, lathed and plastered. Well of good water in the kitchen and a hydrant in the house. A new awning frame the whole front of the house.

This property is in good repair, and is situated on one of the main and business streets in Bristol, and is well worthy the attention of purchasers either as a business place or a home, and is positively to be sold.

CONDITIONS—Ten per cent. of the purchase money at the close of the sale, the balance on April first, A. D., 1892, when deed will be given at the expense of the purchaser.

DANIEL G. WINDER.

Edw N. Booz, Auctioneer.

It will pay any one in want of **WALL PAPER** to send 8c. to pay postage on our beautiful line of over 100 matched samples at lowest prices. Address F. H. CADY, 305 High St., Providence, R. I.

Miscellaneous.

Trustee's Sale of Real Estate.

PURSUANT TO AN ORDER OF THE ORphan's Court of the County of Bucks, the Real Estate of Peter Brady, deceased, situate in the village of Pine Grove, Bristol Township, Bucks County, Pa., will be sold at public sale upon the premises, on MONDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1892, at two o'clock P. M. The lot has a front of twenty feet on the Turnpike Road, adjoining lands of Thomas F. Strong and Elizabeth Brettwiser, with a depth of one hundred and eighty feet, extending back to Cedar Street.

The improvements are a 2½ story, shingle roofed, frame house, 16x32 feet, with frame kitchen attached 12x16 feet. The house contains three rooms on first floor, three on second, with lathed and plastered attic. A well of good water in kitchen.

The conditions of sale are $100 cash at close of sale. Balance of purchase money April 1, 1892, when deed will be given at expense of purchaser.

JOHN C. STUCKERT, Trustee to Sell.

Edward N. Booz, Auctioneer.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of CATHERINE BOYLE, late of Bristol Borough, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

DR E. J. GROOM, JAMES ROGERS, Executors.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED AUDITOR APPOINTed by the Orphan's Court of Bucks county, to make distribution of the balance remaining in the hands of Thomas C. Ivins and Arthur C. Ivens, Executors, etc. of Robert Wright, late of said County, deceased, to and amongst the parties legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice to all parties interested that he will meet them at the office of Gilkeson & Wright, in the Borough of Bristol, in said County, on FRIDAY, the 12th day of FEBRUARY, A. D., 1892, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to attend to the duties of his appointment.

Jan. 19, 1892. GEO. A. JENKS, Auditor.

Farmers' National Bank of Bucks Co.

BRISTOL, PA., Jan. 12th, 1892.

At an election held this day, the following Stockholders were elected Directors of the Bank.

PIERSON MITCHELL, ANTHONY SWAIN,
EDWARD THOMAS, LOUIS A. HOGUET,
JOHN P AGNEW, M. D. ELWOOD BURTON,
JOHN BURTON, BENJAMIN J. TAYLOR
GEORGE A. SHOEMAKER.

And at a meeting of the Directors subsequently held, Pierson Mitchell was re-elected President, Benjamin J. Taylor Vice-President.

CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Miscellaneous

-NOTICE-

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I have sold to William C. Peirce the entire **stock, good-will and fixtures of the coal business** of the late Chas. W. Peirce. The business will be conducted at the present place by Wm. C. Peirce, (Jos. S. Peirce acting as his agent) and all bills due the Estate of Chas. W. Peirce are to be paid to Jos. S. Peirce, agent for me.

HAROLD PEIRCE, Executor.

A RARE CHANCE FOR A PARTY WITH $30,000. I have one of the most popular Springs and Health Resorts in the United States. Satisfactory reasons for selling given. ALFRED COLES, Real Estate Agent, 446 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOOZ & BLACK,

—DEALERS IN—

FINE GROCERIES, FRUITS, AND PROVISIONS

A specialty in

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Goods Delivered Promptly.

COR. RADCLIFFE AND MILL STS.

Your trade is solicited.

$25.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY.—Under conditions given as follows: To the first person sending in the greatest number of words using only the letters contained in "Cheeseman's Cough Cure," on or before the 22nd of February, 1892. For the greatest number I will give $10; for the second greatest number $5 and to the next ten I will give $1 each. No answer will be recorded unless accompanied with a wrapper (box) taken from a bottle of Cheeseman's Cough Cure, as these cash presents are given simply to introduce our medicine. Immediately after February 22d, 1892, a list of the name and address of the successful persons will be mailed to each person answering this adv. Cut this out and commence at once. J. R. Cheeseman, Burlington, N. J. Please state in what paper you saw this advertisement.

G. W. Adams, D. D. S.

No. 3 Mulberry Street, Bristol, Pa.

Nitrous Oxide administered. Fresh Gas for every patient. Ether and Chloroform always on hand. No pain in extracting teeth. Filling, scaling, regulating and dental prosthesis in its most improved manner.

Work warranted to give satisfaction.

Don't Pay Such Extravagant Prices for Carriages and Harness.

WANTED, 50,000,000 PEOPLE!

To send for the largest Carriage and Harness Charts ever Published, Established 1862. I carry in stock everything I advertise and more too, over 100 distinct styles of each, Carriages and Harness. The most complete line of the latest designs in Novelties for Summer driving, including all styles of Canopy and No Top Buckboards for 2, 4, 6 and 8 passengers, Kron Prix Traps, Spindle Buggies, Spindle and Saratoga, Surries, Sporting, Game and Driving Wagons, all Russett Finished Buggies, Mineola and Cradle Spring Carts, Cutunders, Ladies' Loop and Park Phaetons, etc., Russet and Red Harness, White Canvas and English Rush Collars, and everything from the smallest Goat and Pony to the heaviest Express and finest Road, Track and Coach Harness, Saddles, and Complete Equestrian Outfits, Lap Robes, Dusters, Coolers, Sheets, Whips and everything pertaining to the Road, Track and Stable, making positively the largest assortment in America, and all at very Moderate Prices.

Call and examine, or send for Catalogue and Price List, as it will save you money.

JAMES H. BIRCH,

Manufacturer of Light Carriages, Harness and Sleighs,

BURLINGTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

Business Opening.

Chas. H. Ancker,

(Formerly with Herrmann)

UPHOLSTERING

—AND—

JOBBING of all Kinds,

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Orders by mail receive strict attention.

Next to the Postoffice.

FREDERICK KING,

DEALER IN

-HEADLIGHT AND OTHER OILS,-

LAMPS AND FIXTURES.

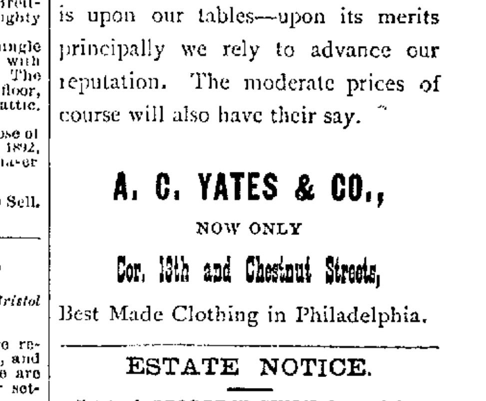
CONFECTIONERY!

Corner Pond and Dorrance Sts., BRISTOL, PA.

Burke's Express.

In the future you will please find me at the house of Mr. Walton, upper side of Washington street, next door to the corner of Cedar street.

F. B. BURKE,
P. O. Box, 314. Bristol, Pa.



MUSIC AT YATES'

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ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of GEORGE W. SIMON, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks county.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement, to

ELIZABETH SIMON, Acting Executrix

GILKESON & WRIGHT, Attys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of Rebecca L. Stackhouse, late of Bristol Township, Bucks County, Pa., deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same are desired to present them in proper order for settlement without delay to

ABBIE W. STACKHOUSE, EMMA L. RAYLMOND, ELLWOOD D. STACKHOUSE, Executors.

Or A. WEIR GILKESON, Attorney.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY ANN LAVERTY, late of Bristol borough, Bucks County, deceased.

LETTERS testamentary on above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims to present the same, without delay, to

WM. H. SMITH, Executor,

A. Weir Gilkeson, Atty.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

ONE WAY OF PROPOSING.

Over the balusters bends a face,
  Darlingly sweet and beguiling;
Somebody stands in careless grace,
  And watches the picture, smiling.

Tired and sleepy, with drooping head,
  I wonder why she lingers;
And when all the good nights are said,
  Why somebody holds her fingers.

Holds her fingers and draws her down,
  Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her loose hair drops its masses brown
  Like a mantle over his shoulder.

Over the baluster soft hands fair
  Brush his cheeks like a feather;
Bright brown tresses and dusky hair
  Meet and mingle together.

There's a question asked, there's a swift caress,
  She has flown like a bird from the hallway;
But over the balusters drops a Yes
  That shall brighten the world for him alway.

—Boston Globe.

A BURGLAR'S GHOST.

He was a ghost, undoubtedly. As soon as I saw him, lying at full length under the drooping branches of a mountain ash, with its vividly green, pointed leaves looking curiously into his mocking face, I knew that he was not a creature of solid parts. Why, as I stood, awe stricken, a few yards away, I could see the ground on which he was lying clear through him. He was absolutely transparent. He evidently enjoyed my terror, and a sneering smile that rippled over his whole form, from top to bottom, proved that, in his ghostly way, he rejoiced in his uncanny appearance, and would not have been flesh and blood if he could.

The cold moonlight forced its way through the hanging clusters of leaves that depended from the branches of the mountain ash, and seemed to shed a congenial glow over the shadowy presence stretched on the green-sward. The glow was chilly, but it suited the ghost. Your average ghost does not appreciate cheerfulness, either in the shape of light or heat, and though this particular ghost differed from his fellows in that he did not disdain the comfort of a recumbent position, it is reasonable to suppose that he preferred to have his uncertain outlines marked by the sad blue white hue of Luna's rays, instead of being shown up in the rosy glow of an early morning sun.

I came upon him quite unexpectedly. The evening was still young, but in the late September days darkness falls over the earth very suddenly, and a large mountain ash throws a heavy shadow. I do not know that I had any real reason to feel surprised. The ash grew in the heart of a thicket some distance from the road, and if a ghost was to be found anywhere in the large, closely wooded grounds surrounding Colonel Hinton's fine old mansion, surely this was the place he would naturally choose for his haunt. There was an aggressive silence—so deep as to seem to resent even the faint rustling of the leaves of the mountain ash—pervading the spot. The bark of the trees was rent into fissures of quaint designs, and gaped at the intruder like mouths. Even the katydids and bullfrogs that occasionally burst into voice cut their remarks short as if oppressed by the general quietude.

I had often noticed the mountain ash from afar, and had seen that its bright green leaves waved mournfully at times when I was not aware of the presence of a breeze. I had wondered, in a careless way, what power it was that sent the heavy clusters sweeping to and fro as monotonously and persistently as the pendulum of a Dutch clock. I may have even conjectured as to the existence of a supernatural agency in the vicinity. But never for long. Whenever I had occasion to pass through Colonel Hinton's park my mission was one altogether distinct from the dread influence of mysterious causes over gruesome objects, and the weird results of freaks by unknown forces of the nether world.

I went to keep a love tryst.

Sweet Nellie Hinton and I had met in the regulation way at a party. We had been formally introduced, had talked, had danced and—had met again. I do not [illegible] lovely August evening, when her face was very close to mine, as we waltzed—one couple among perhaps fifty—at a hop in a Chautauqua hotel, I told her that to which one glance from her ever changing violet eyes was sufficient response, and my love romance had commenced.

There was no reason why we should not have told her father at once. The colonel liked me, and though I knew he would not relish the idea of parting with Nellie, who was to him wife and daughter in one, I was sure he would not raise any objection to me on the score of worldly considerations. Our families were on excellent terms. But then it was very pleasant to meet Nellie secretly in the cool of the evening under the trees, with the lights of her house just visible through the foliage, and to imagine that all the world were against us. Of course it was ridiculous, but I leave it to any young lovers if it was not natural. Love without persecution is but a tame affair after all, and I verily believe that I should have been pleased to face opposition for Nellie's sake—always provided that I would heroically overcome it at last.

We had never found ourselves near the mountain ash before. There was some wild story afloat that the spot was haunted; that an ancestor of the colonel's had one night found a burglar in his house, and being of a choleric disposition, had chased him into the grove and felled him dead with one blow of his fist under the mountain ash. There the dead man had lain all night, with his white shirt glistening in the dim light—for he had taken off his coat and vest on entering the house—and there his ghost was to be occasionally seen ever afterward, according to popular tradition.

On this evening Nellie and I had agreed to meet under the mountain ash, as the result of a laughing remark she had made as to the burglar's ghost. Neither of us believed in his existence, and we had resolved to meet him in his haunt and "lay" him forever.

When I saw the long, shadowy Thing, I stopped short, while a wave of cold, that I knew came from the ghost, as if he had breathed icily in my direction, sent a shiver through me from head to foot. With an effort I recovered myself and moved resolutely forward.

"Pshaw!" I said aloud. "What a fancy!"

"Fancy!" articulated a gurgling voice as the ghost indulged in another of those peculiar smiles that agitated him from one end to the other. "Fancy, am I? Well, I like that! Ha! ha! ha!"

I must say that the ghost's laugh was a most unpleasant thing. Not that it was loud or harsh, but it gave one the impression that he laughed from a force of habit contracted in the flesh, and not because it afforded him any pleasure in his present immaterial state.

"Fancy, am I?" he repeated.

I had by this time reached that extremity of supernatural fear which reacts upon itself and becomes bravery—or a very good imitation. So I answered boldly:

"Yes, you are fancy of course. Do you mean to lie there and tell me that you are really the disembodied spirit of a man dead in the flesh? I admit that my eyes tell me you are a ghost, but my common sense will not listen to such an absurd notion, and I say that when I proceed to investigate you as I intend to do at once, I shall find that you are, literally, mere moonshine."

Again I stepped forward, and again the Thing stopped me.

"Hold!"

There was a hissing in his voice as he issued his command, while a certain trembling in his legs, which lay straight and so close together that they looked like one, made me think he was going to get up.

"Why should I hold?" I demanded indignantly, for I was beginning to lose my temper. Besides I expected Nellie every minute.

"Because you cannot help yourself! Ha! ha! ha! Don't you know who I am? You cannot meet your Nellie tonight."

I secretly resented his speaking so familiarly of my betrothed, but I bottled my wrath and simply said:

"Why not?"

"Because I will not let either of you pass me."

"Ridiculous!" I returned hotly. "You talk as if you controlled the traffic of this park. How do you mean to stop us?"

"Very easily. I am the Ghost of Running Water, and my very nature gives me a power in spirit land that no one can withstand. Don't you know that a ghost cannot cross a running stream?"

I saw that the specter had thoughtlessly made a lapse in his logic, and it was with a ring of triumph in my voice that I said:

"Ghosts seem to be sometimes troubled with narrowminded views as well as mortals. I have heard that beings of your kind are stopped in their perambulations and mischief by a running stream, and doubtless your being the Ghost of Running Water gives you a great deal of influence in your sphere. But you surely don't suppose that you can—after fulfilling your mission on earth, as I presume you did—continue to interfere with people who are still struggling along in this matter of fact world?"

The ghost was about to reply when suddenly I saw a white, diaphanous dress glinting through the trees, and the next minute my Nellie was in full view. She smiled joyously as she caught sight of me, evidently not noticing the shape on the ground.

Only for a second, however.

With a low cry of terror, pain and despair, she felt and succumbed to the icy atmosphere of the ghostly presence, as stretching her arms supplicatingly toward me, she fell prostrate by the side of the grinning immaterialism.

I was so overcome by the peril of my Nellie that I could not move at first. Then I recovered and sprang forward just as the ghost stretched his clammy arms and actually drew her into his embrace. With a bound I was at his side, while the long, wet leaves of the mountain ash flapped spitefully in my face, as if they, too, were taking part with the supernatural powers against me.

"Ghost, mortal or devil! I care not what you are!" I gasped as I tried to seize him by the throat, feeling ready to brave the hosts of hades itself for Nellie's sake.

The mysterious, icy feeling I have referred to before ran through my veins, as if my life blood had congealed, as I tried to tear Nellie from his fearful clasp. Then——

"I forgot all about this brook and I actually walked right into it," was Nellie's half laughing, half crying plaint, as I raised her to her feet and led her toward the house to get rid of wet clothing.

"Yes, dear," I replied, "but I must certainly see a physician, for my nerves are in a terrible condition. I have entirely too much imagination. I am afraid I have been working and studying too much lately."

"I am sure you have, dear. You look as though you had just seen a ghost," was Nellie's response, as she forgot her own uncomfortable plight in her solicitude for me.

I wonder how I came to mistake a little stream of water in the moonlight for the burglar's ghost?—George C. Jenks in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Two Bills.

General Ben Butler formerly owned a large mastiff, who became famous for continued depredations on various butchers' carts as they passed through the streets of Lowell on their morning rounds. The dog was so ferocious that no one dared attack it, so for a time he was quite master of the situation. Finally one victim decided to approach the general on the subject; so one morning, accosting him on the street, he said, "General Butler, if a man's dog steals meat from my butcher cart, what would you do?"

"Why," said the lawyer, "I should make him pay for it." "Very well," continued the butcher, "your dog has stolen $2.50 worth of meat from my cart and I want you to pay for it." "Certainly," said General Butler, "but I shall have to charge you five dollars for professional advice." It is said the case was not pressed.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Knowing Dog.

I once knew a little fox terrier of marvelous intelligence—his mistress' pet. I have seen him, when he was impatient to go out [illegible] in his mouth, which he would throw down at her feet! Could there be a better hint, or could language convey more! Told to "fetch sticks," he would rush into a flower bed and pull up a stick or two to which the flowers were trained, and return with them. I have even seen a dog who sang, or who made sounds like singing, when he was sung to.—Percy Fitzgerald in Gentleman's Magazine.

New England Superstitions.

A New Hampshire cure for sore throat is to wear about the neck a stocking, in the toe of which a potato has been tied. According to a Maine belief a nutmeg pierced and hung on a string around the neck prevents boils, croup and neuralgia. The effect of a Connecticut wooden nutmeg is unknown.—Washington Star.

The Largest Diamonds.

The largest diamond in the world is the Braganza—weight, 1,880 carats. It was found in Brazil in 1741 and is now one of the Portuguese crown jewels. Much doubt exists as to its being a genuine diamond, the government never having allowed it to be tested.—St. Louis Republic.

Thousands of Church Singers.

There are about 6,200 singers and 750 organists in the cities of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City who are regularly engaged in church work. These figures do not include assistant organists, precentors or directors of music.—New York Times.

Weighed in the Balance.

Goslin—Congwatulate me, deah fellaw.

Hunker—What's the occasion, my boy?

Goslin—I'm engaged, doncher know.

Hunker—Then I congratulate you most sincerely. May I ask the lady's name?

Goslin—Mabel—er—Miss Swayback. She's worth her weight in gold, deah boy.

Hunker—Is that all?

Goslin—Whatevah do you mean?

Hunker—How heavy is she?

Goslin—Oh, I know that exactly. We were both weighed the other day, doncher know, and Mabel—er, I mean Miss Swayback—weighed pwecisely ninety-five pounds.

Hunker—Then let us see. Gold is worth $19.35 an ounce, but for this purpose we will assume that is worth twenty dollars.

Goslin (interrupting)—Whatevah do you mean?

Hunker—I'm just making a simple calculation. In ninety-five pounds avoirdupois there are 1,520 ounces. These at twenty dollars per ounce would make Miss Swayback worth a few hundred over $30,000.

Goslin—My deah sir, you are pawsitively insulting, and I shall call——

Hunker—Not at all. You said she was worth her weight in gold, and I wanted to compare her worth with that of my fiancee. Now Miss Scadds is worth $500,000 in stocks, and—why, Goslin's gone. I hope he isn't cross.—Philadelphia Press.

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THE KINGS.

A man said unto his angel:
  "My spirits are fallen through,
And I cannot carry this battle;
  O brother, what shall I do?

"The terrible Kings are on me
  With spears that are deadly bright;
Against me so from the cradle
  Do fate and my fathers fight?"

Then said to the man his angel:
  "Thou wavering, foolish soul,
Back to the ranks! What matter
  To win or to lose the whole!

"Adjudged by the little judges,
  Who hearken not well, nor see;
Not thus, by the outer issue,
  The Wise shall interpret thee.

"Thy will is the very, the only,
  The solemn event of things;
The weakest of hearts defying
  Is stronger than all these Kings.

"Though out of the past they gather,
  Mind's Doubt and Bodily Pain,
And pallid Thirst of the Spirit
  That is kin to the other twain,

"And Grief in a cloud of banners,
  And ringleted Vain Desires,
And Vice, with the spoils upon him
  Of thee and thy beaten sires.

"What hands soever have armed them
  Toward victory still to ride,
A meaning left to the rebel,
  A use to the regicide,

"So bitter and large a meaning,
  A vehement use so true,
One steady intent to scorn them
  Doth scorn them and slay them too!

"While Kings of eternal evil
  Yet darken the hills about,
Thy part is with broken saber
  To rise on the last redoubt—

"To fear not sensible failure,
  Nor covet the game at all,
But fighting, fighting, fighting,
  Die driven against the wall!"

—Louise Imogen Guiney in New York Independent.

A Perpetual Motion Machine.

It is generally known among engineers that a novel motor is running at the patent office in Washington, and has been for many years, and to some minds seems to fulfill the conditions of perpetual motion. The inventor made this claim, but it is hardly correct. Perpetual motion is said to exist in a machine that "when once started will continue to run until worn out." This machine operates by the power given out in the different expansion of metals under varying conditions, and is so small and carefully constructed that if there was absolutely no change in temperature of the room it would run when once started thirty-eight days before stopping. If it was possible to put it in some place for this length of time, as the center of the earth, where the temperature would be constant, it would stop, so does not fulfill the condition of perpetual motion; but that cannot be done where the machine now is, so it has run for a great many years without stopping, and probably will continue to run until it wears out.—New York Journal.

A Stickler.

A Wall street man who lives in Brooklyn is the proud possessor of three bright children. One of them, a boy not quite three years old, is a good deal of a philosopher and a great stickler for accuracy. While playing in the nursery one day little Gordon—for that is his name—overheard his elder sister tell the nurse that she was going to write a letter to Santa Claus and ask him to fill her stocking from top to toe. "He tan't do it," interrupted the boy. "Why, yes, he can, Gordon," replied the little girl; "that is, if he is willing to."

"No, he tan't," reiterated the little fellow dogmatically.

"Why not, Gordon?" asked the nurse soothingly. "Tell us why you are so positive."

There was a roguish twinkle in little Gordon's eyes as he answered, "Tause he'd have to fill a 'tocking from toe to top if he filled it at all."—New York Times.

A Soft Answer.

A pleasant faced young woman and her husband took their seats at the hotel table opposite a dapper little dude fresh from the center of the highest civilization. During the meal the husband requested the little man to hand him something, and all he received was a cold, rude stare. He was mad in a minute, and was about to make a few remarks when his wife laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Don't, Henry," she said reprovingly. "Don't pay any attention to it. You know you shouldn't expect to find everything in such a small package."

The other people at the table snorted and the little one left the room.—Detroit Free Press.

Over a Thousand Miles Per Hour!

A locomotive working under a pressure of 140 to 165 pounds to the square inch of boiler surface may move a train at a velocity of sixty miles per hour; and, under favorable circumstances, even a greater distance. While we are apt to think this a wonderful rate of speed, it is slow, very slow, when compared with the velocity of a projectile fired from a modern "great gun." Such missiles push forward through the air at the rate of 1,365 miles per hour, the impelling force exerting a pressure of 35,000 to 45,000 pounds to each square inch.—St. Louis Republic.

A Charming Compliment.

It is an old reproach against orientals that they are unable to say pretty things to ladies; but a daughter of Louis XIV, the Princess de Conti, inspired a Moorish embassador with as gracefully turned a compliment as can be imagined. She had railed against the Mohammedan custom of polygamy, when the Moor thus defended the practice, "Madame," he said, "a plurality of wives is allowed among us because in our country we must seek in several women the charming qualities which are here to be found in one."—London Standard.

Engraving During the Second Century.

With the general decline of art at the end of the First century of the Christian era gem engraving fell into disuse. When the Renaissance came it revived and was applied by the rich to the embellishment of their costumes and military equipment, as well as to the adornment of vases, drinking cups and table ornaments. The great number of precious stones required for such purposes exhausted the supply and the couch shell was brought into requisition for the purpose.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Realistic Playing.

Petted Daughter—They asked me to play at Mrs. Highupp's this evening and I did, but——

Fond Mother (proudly)—Were they not entranced?

Petted Daughter—Hum! When I played "Life on the Ocean Wave" with variations half of them left the room.

Fond Mother (ecstatically)—That's wonderful. They must have been seasick.—New York Weekly.

Destruction of Germs in Water.

The sterilizing of water is easily accomplished by keeping it at or near the boiling point for fifteen minutes. Five minutes' heat is sufficient to destroy all harmful micro organisms. Still less time suffices to destroy the disease producing varieties which are recognized as liable to occur in water. Thus, merely raising to the boiling point a clear water containing the micro-organisms of malarial disorders, typhoid, cholera, diphtheria, or of suppurative processes and allowing it to gradually cool, insures the destruction of these germs. They are also destroyed by keeping the water for from a quarter to half an hour at a temperature of 170 degs. F., though occasionally very resistant but harmless bacteria may get into water. The brief heating, however, renders them safe for drinking purposes; but when it is desired to destroy every micro-organism that may be present in a contaminated water, it is to be heated for one hour and allowed to cool slowly, when it may be used for cleansing wounds or for alkaloidal solutions.—New York Tribune.

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Miscellaneous

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SICK
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HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
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WIND MILLS, PUMPS,
HYDRAULIC RAMS, &c., &c.
N. E. Cor. Radcliffe & Market.

Robert Patterson,
Successor to H. Vanhorn,
Cor. Wood & Washington Sts.
BRISTOL, PA.
Desires to call the attention of the public to the fact that he has a complete stock of
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES,
Canned and Bottled Goods, etc.
At the Very Lowest Prices.
Goods Promptly Delivered.

AN OFFICE WHERE
Everything in connection with
REAL ESTATE
IS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO
You can buy a Property, have the deed drawn, procure a loan on mortgage, get the building insured and the lot surveyed; the whole transaction completely and carefully attended to by one person, just as you would do it yourself, if you knew how.
A. Weir Gilkeson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BRISTOL, PA.

Real Estate and General Insurance.
Fire, Life and Accidental Insurance placed in the Best Companies.
Properties for sale, Houses to let. General agent for the Equitable Life Assurance Society of New York. Agent for the London and Liverpool and Globe Fire Insurance Co. Information freely given on all matters of insurance.
WM. C. HENDRICKSON,
No. 50 Bath Street, Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

T. W. & C. J. Patton,
Wholesale and retail dealer in
BEST BRANDS OF
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, &c.
No. 6 Mill St., Bristol, Pa.,
We are in receipt of the following brands of cigars from our factory, 510 1st district: "CIGARROS", guaranteed full Havana filler, Sumatra wrapper.
Specialties of P. LORRILARD & CO'S, WILSON & McCULLAY'S, BUCHANAN & LYALL'S Plug and Cut Tobaccos.
NORTH STAR,
And other brands of superior, Cut Tobaccos on hand in large quantities.
"THE ORIGINAL BRISTOL BOY," The leading straight 5 cent cigar in the market. "THE CAPTAIN." The same price and equally good in quality.
"DELICIOSOS," Seed and Havana, Connecticut binder, and Sumatra wrapper.
Give the above brands a trial. Guaranteed to be as represented or no sale. Give them a trial and you will always buy.
Prices guaranteed to compete with any wholesale house in Philadelphia or New York. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

WILLIAM GRACE'S
New York Wall Paper Store.
A full line of Wall Papers and Window Shades, newest and handsomest designs. Painting, Glazing, Graining, and Kalsomining, Graining and Paper Hanging a specialty. A nice line of fine goods for special use. No. 18 Mill Street.



Dr. Theel
538 North Fourth St. bel. Green, Philadelphia. The most reliable and successful specialist for all diseases of both sexes:
Special Diseases, Blood Poison
ULCERS, Blotches, Pimples, Sore Mouth, Throat, Irritations, Swellings, Inflammations, Kidneys, Bladder, Lost Vitality, Weak Back, Dyspepsia, Piles, Melancholy, Weakness Debility, Impaired Memory and Decay, Strictures, all diseases resulting from youthful errors or from overwork.
Old, Young or Middle Aged don't suffer any longer, cure is certain, no experiment. I have everything known to medical and surgical science, obstinate and old cases solicited, no matter who failed to relieve at once. Fresh cases cured in 4 to 10 days. European Hospital experience in Germany, England, France and Austria, as certificates and diplomas prove, and 25 years practical experience. 10,000 cases cured yearly.
$15,000 will be paid to an advertising doctor, who can prove as great skill, knowledge and experience and who can show as many patients permanently cured as I can after quacks and advertising doctors failed them. Send 2c. stamp for book "TRUTH" and sworn testimonials exposing quacks and advertising doctors with their false and fraudulent guarantees and testimonials, their experience, they do not possess and their scheme of refunding money or friendly talks and their cheap and worthless drugs neither of which cures you, but are used as decoys and results in ruin of thousands of confiding victims. Office Hours,—Every day from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M., evenings 6 to 9. Wednesday and Saturday Evenings from 6—10, Sundays from 9 to 12. For References see Wednesday and Saturday Phila. Times.



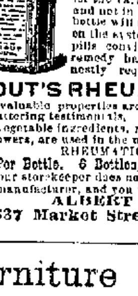
DR. J. T. STRADLING,
DENTIST,
No. 21 Market Street,
Bristol, Penna.

R. BUSEMAN,
BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY
AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.
Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice.

E. W. MINSTER'S
Livery Stable and Ice Depot,
Pond Street, near Market Street
BRISTOL, PA.
NEW CARRIAGES, GOOD DRIVING HORSES, Single and Double Teams. Careful Drivers furnished when desired. Closed Cabs for Weddings or Funerals.
ICE. Best Quality Silver Lake Ice supplied at depot or delivered to any address within the borough limits. Orders promptly attended to.

The Next Number Especially Good.
TALES FROM
TOWN TOPICS
READ BY ALL MEN AND WOMEN.
Published first day of December, March, June and September.
DELICATE, DAINTY, WITTY,
INTENSE.
Every reputable news and book stand has it.
Price, single number, 50 CENTS. $2.00 PER YEAR, postage FREE.
This brilliant Quarterly reproduces the best stories, sketches, burlesques, poems, witticisms, etc., from the back numbers of that much talked-about New York Society Journal, Town Topics, which is published *weekly.* Subscription price, $4.00 per year.
The two publications "Town Topics" and "Tales from Town Topics" together, at the low club-price of $5.00 per year.
Ask your newsdealer for them or address,
TOWN TOPICS,
21 West 23d Street, N. Y. City.

Do You Want Relief?
KROUT'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY



Will promptly relieve the most distressing case of Acute or Chronic Rheumatism or Gout. By strictly observing the directions, it will cure you permanently.
Unlike the numerous preparations that flood the country, this medicine is a specific for the various forms of rheumatism only, and not in any sense a "cure all." One bottle will make a satisfactory impression on the system, and in connection with the pills convince the sufferer that the proper remedy has been found. You are earnestly requested to test the merits of
KROUT'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY
as its valuable properties are endorsed by hundreds of the most flattering testimonials.
Only vegetable ingredients, remarkable for their curative powers, are used in the manufacture of KROUT'S RHEUMATIC REMEDY.
$1.00 Per Bottle. 6 Bottles, $5.00. Pills 25 Cts. Box.
If your storekeeper does not keep it, send $1.25 to the manufacturer, and you will receive it by mail.
ALBERT KROUT,
3637 Market Street, Philad , Pa.

Furniture Repaired!
Having a Practical knowledge of Repairing and Upholstering Furniture, Re-Caning Chairs, Renovating Mattresses, etc., I have opened a
Repair Shop, on Radcliffe St.,
Opposite Silbert House,
Where I will be pleased to have you call and leave your work. Good Work, Low Prices. Repairing of Baby Coaches in a first-class manner.
JOSEPH C. FOSTER.

—OPENING!—
THE UNDERSIGNED DESIRES TO INform the residents of Bristol and vicinity, that he has opened with a full line of
Ladies', Gents' and Children's
SHOES.
YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED.
PHILIP WINTER,
33 MILL ST., BRISTOL, PA.

Miscellaneous.

Ready MIXED Paints
IN EVERY COLOR,
—AND—
Packages from 1 lb. Upwards
A VERY GOOD MIXED PAINT
—OF WHICH—
We have Sold Hundreds of Gallons, without Complaint, as Low as
$1.00 a Gallon!
DR. PURSELL'S
DRUG STORE.

Joshua Peirce,
Formerly of Bristol, Pa.
W. D. Rusher, P. O. Address, Box 201 TACOMA, WASH
Formerly of Minneapolis, Minn.
Peirce & Rusher,
Real Estate & Loan Agts.
936 Pacific Avenue,
Tacoma, Wash., Nov. 25.

Having made the above business connection we are prepared to negotiate mortgage loans on real estate in the City of Tacoma, or adjacent farm property in the State of Washington.

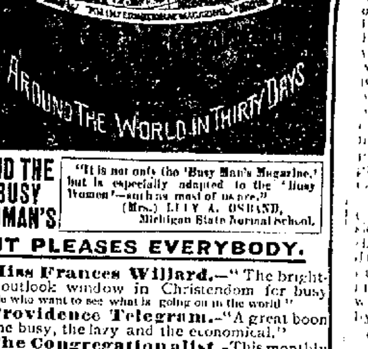
Such loans will be made with the utmost care in the selection of securities and regard for the character of the borrower; will run three to five years and bear interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum net to the lender, payable semi annually. We will accompany each loan with our written agreement to take charge of the collection of interest, when due, and of the principal debt at maturity, without charge for our services.

The State of Washington and the City of Tacoma are being rapidly settled, having doubled their population within the last year, with an enterprising and energetic people engaged in business of all kinds, thus ensuring a prosperous and permanent growth of the city that will make it the metropolis of the great northwest. No better nor safer investment can be had than the securities that we are able to offer, doubly so by the continued increase in value of the property mortgaged. Abstract showing perfect title will be furnished with all loans.

We also invite those who desire to take advantage of the increasing values, by purchase, to entrust their funds to us for investment and we feel confident that we can make selections that will involve no risk and promise a large profit.

PEIRCE & RUSHER.

HOGUET'S
Wholesale & Retail
Pioneer Drug Store!
Nos. 13 & 15 Mill (Main) Street, Bristol Pa.
The Oldest and Largest in Bucks County. (Established in 1811.) By the present proprietor.
A large stock of first class
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Toilet Articles, Soaps, Brushes, Perfumery, Patent Medicines, Sponges, Chamois Skins, Paints, Oils, Glass, Putty, Varnishes, Dye Stuffs, Diamond Dyes, &c.
Also SPICES of all kinds, WARRANTED PURE, at low prices.
Physicians' Prescriptions Accurately Compounded.
L. A. HOGUET
Druggist and Pharmacist



AND THE BUSY WOMAN'S
"It is not only the 'Busy Man's Magazine,' but is especially adapted to the 'Busy Woman'—such as most of us are." (Mrs.) LILY A. OSBAND, Michigan State Normal School.
IT PLEASES EVERYBODY.
Miss Frances Willard.—"The brightest outlook window in Christendom for busy people who want to see what is going on in the world."
Providence Telegram.—"A great boon to the busy, the lazy and the economical."
The Congregationalist.—"This monthly has no peer in originality of design, scope and accuracy of vision, thoroughness in execution and ability to transform its readers into citizens of the world."
Chicago Interior.—"*The Review of Reviews*, of New York, has come to the rescue of busy people. We know of one *high railroad official* who for a month has worked until 11 o'clock at night, and yet has kept well informed of current world events. He reads this Magazine. It gives him a running commentary on important events, besides a digest of the best articles in contemporary magazines."
Price 25c. $2.50 a Year.
AGENTS WANTED. CLUB RATES ON APPLICATION.
Send Ten Cents for Sample Copy. THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS, 13 Astor Place, New York.

FRANK S. MOSS,
PRACTICAL - BLACKSMITH,
I defy competition so far as good work and low prices are concerned. Give me a trial and be convinced that I mean what I say. Horse Shoeing, Wagon Work and Machine Blacksmithing.
Canal St., bet. Washington & Dorrance,
Bristol, Pa.

Miscellaneous

1892.
Harper's Magazine.
ILLUSTRATED.

The Magazine will celebrate the fourth Centenary of the Discovery of America by its re-discovery, through articles giving a more thorough exposition than has hitherto been made of the recent unprecedented development of our country, and especially in the Great West. Particular attention will also be given to dramatic episodes of American history.

The field of the next European war will be described in a series of papers on the Danube "From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," by Poultney Bigelow and F. D. Millet, illustrated by Mr. Millet and Alfred Parsons. Articles also will be given on the German, Austrian and Italian Armies, illustrated by T. de Thulstrup.

Mr. W. D. Howells will contribute a new novel, "A World of Chance," characteristically American. Especial prominence will be given to short stories, which will be contributed by T. B. Aldrich, R. H. Davis, A. Conan Doyle, Margaret Deland, Miss Woolson, and other popular writers.

Among the literary features will be Personal Reminiscences of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by his college class-mate and life-long friend, Horatio Bridge, and a Personal Memoir of the Brownings, by Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

The Volumes of the Magazine begin with the numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order. Bound Volumes of Harper's Magazine for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of $3.00 per volume. Cloth Cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, post paid.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

1892.
Harper's Weekly.
ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly for the coming year will contain more attractive features, more and finer illustrations, and a greater number of articles of live, intense interest than will be found in any other periodical. Among these latter will be a series of articles on the twenty-five greatest cities of the world, including five hundred illustrations. The Columbian Exposition, the Army and Navy, great public events, disasters on land and sea, and the doings of the doings of the celebrated people of the day will be described and illustrated in an attractive and timely manner. The Department of *Amateur Sport* will continue under the direction of Caspar W. Whitney. The best of modern writers will contribute short stories, and the most distinguished artists will make the illustrations. The editorial articles of Mr. George William Curtis will remain as an especial attraction.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.
Per Year.

HARPER'S WEEKLY	$4 00
HARPER'S MAGAZINE	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE	2 00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

The Volumes of the Weekly begin with the first Number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the Number current at the time of receipt of order.

Bound Volumes of Harper's Weekly for three years back, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by mail, postage paid, or by express, free of expense (provided the freight does not exceed one dollar per volume), for $7.00 per volume.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, post paid, on receipt of $1.00 each.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

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Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Scribner's Magazine.
An Exceptional Year

The Year 1891 has been marked by a greater advance than any similar period since the Magazine was established. Not only has the literary and artistic excellence been maintained and increased, but a corresponding gain has been made in the sale and influence of the Magazine. At the end of 1891 the circulation has risen to more than 140,000. It may be promised that the further improvements for the coming year will be proportionate to these large increased opportunities.

For Next Year.

It is not possible to give, in a brief space an account of all the features in preparation, but the material is different in neither importance nor range of subject. Among the subjects treated:

The Poor in the World's Great Cities.

It is proposed to publish a series of articles, upon a scale not before attempted, giving the results of special study and work among the poor of the great cities. The plan will include an account of the conditions of life in those cities (in many lands) where the results of research will be helpful for purposes of comparison as well as for their own intrinsic interest. While, from a scientific point of view, the articles will be a contribution of great importance, the treatment will be thoroughly popular, and the elaborate illustrations will serve to make the presentation of the subject vivid as well as picturesque.

Washington Allston.

Unpublished Reminiscences and Letters of this foremost of early American painters. A number of illustrations will lend additional interest to the articles.

Important Moments.

The aim of this series of very short articles is to describe the signal occasions when some decisive event took place, or when some great experiment was first shown to be successful—such moments as that of the first use of the Atlantic cable, the first use of the telegraph and the telephone, the first successful experiment with ether, the night of the Chicago fire, the scene at the moment of the vote on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, etc., etc.

Out of Door Papers.

In the early spring will be begun a number of seasonable articles, among them being
Small Country Places, how to lay out and beautify them, by Samuel Parsons, Jr.
Fishing Lore from an Angler's Note Book, by Dr. Leroy M. Yale.
Mountain Station Life in New Zealand, by Sidney Dickinson.
Racing in Australia, by Sidney Dickinson, with illustrations by Birge Harrison. The illustrations are made from original material.
A full prospectus appears in the Holiday Number, now ready.
Price, 25 Cents. $3.00 a Year.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, Publishers, 743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

A GREAT MAGAZINE.

A Century's Programme in 1892. A New "Life of Columbus"—Articles for Farmers, etc.

That great American periodical, The Century, is going to outdo its own unrivaled record in its programme for 1892, and as many of its new features begin with the November number, new readers should commence with that issue. In this number are the opening chapters of

"The Naulahka,"

a novel by Rudyard Kipling, the famous author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," written in collaboration with an American writer, Wolcott Balestier. It is the story of a young man and a young woman from a "booming" Colorado town, who go to India, he in search of a wonderful jeweled necklace, called "the Naulahka" (from which the story takes its name), and she as a missionary woman. The novel describes their remarkable adventures at the court of an Indian rajah. Besides this, The Century will print three other novels during the year, and a great number of short stories by the best American story-writers.

The well-known humorist, Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye"), is to write a series of amusing sketches, which he calls his "autobiographies," the first one of which, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," is in November. This number also contains a valuable and suggestive article on "The Food-Supply of the Future," which every farmer should read, to be followed by a number of others.

Of Great Practical Value to Farmers,

treating especially of the relations of the Government to the farmer, what it is doing and what it should do. This series will include contributions from officers of the Department of Agriculture, and other well-known men will discuss "The Farmer's Discontent," "Co-operation," etc., etc.

A celebrated Spanish writer is to furnish a "Life of Columbus," which will be brilliantly illustrated, and the publishers of The Century have arranged with the managers of the World's Fair to print articles on the buildings, etc.

One of the novels to appear in 1892 is

A Story of New York Life

by the author of "The Anglomaniacs," and the magazine will contain a great deal about the metropolis during the year,—among other things a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York." In November is an illustrated description of "The Players' Club," founded by Edwin Booth, and one of the features of the splendidly illustrated Christmas (December) number is an article on "The Bowery."

To get The Century send the yearly subscription price ($4.00) to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

I MUST SELL a valuable plot of Land, in the City of Rome, Ga., or forfeit $125.
ALFRED COLES,
Real Estate Agent,
446 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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NewspaperARCHIVE®